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ART. I.—*Specimens of early English Metrical Romances. By George Ellis, Esq. 3 Vols.* Longman. 1805.

THERE are some men gifted with such an elegant and original genius, that subjects naturally dry, tedious, and uninteresting, acquire from their magic touch so many fairy embellishments, as to attract general notice, and afford general delight. They seize with intuitive quickness all the secret beauties of the study to which they have applied, and conceal with skilful discrimination every thing dull or repulsive. Instead of being hurried by thoughtless enthusiasm into long and useless discussions, merely because they have some connection with their favourite pursuit; instead of heaping into one incongruous mass what must be interesting to all, and what can be so only to a few, they follow their object with a calm and rational perseverance, and when they communicate the result of their labours to the public, they withhold all the trivial notices they have collected on their way, and present only their most important discoveries. By this means, we are amused and instructed by the collected sum of their matured information, without being fatigued by following them through the laborious journey necessary to its acquisition: we enjoy all the luxury, and endure none of the difficulty of knowledge thus collected by their perseverance, and adorned by their taste. In antiquarian pursuits, a man of this character is no less useful than extraordinary. The prodigious labour necessary for the acquisition of such knowledge, and the uninteresting nature of many of its details, will ever prevent it from becoming general, and almost always deter men of genius from entering its intricate and gloomy labyrinths. Accordingly, antiquarians are for the most part dull plodding animals, who persevere in the melancholy task of digging and altering the form of ancient lumber, without being able to reduce it to any determinate shape,

or to embue it with any specific character. Blinded by the dust they raise around themselves, they see nothing distinctly; fragments of the elder time lie scattered around them in dim confusion, and the amount of their atchievements perhaps consists in knocking off some curious piece of workmanship from the temple of antiquity, which falls into the possession of some one capable of appreciating and displaying its beauty. It has happened however in the present age, that this study, formerly the exclusive property of dulness, has attracted the attention of men of genius. They have invested the antiquarian with a perfectly new dress, and instead of a dead-eyed monk covered with rags and dust, and groping his way through the rayless gloom, he assumes the lofty mien of the poet, and the gay attire of the man of the world. He doubtless undergoes a blessed transformation, and for this we know of no man better entitled to our thanks than Mr. Ellis. In his 'Specimens of early English' Poetry he exhibited an extensive and accurate acquaintance with the English language, since its formation some time before the accession of Henry III. To this knowledge he added an ingenuity of conjecture, and a felicity of speculation highly creditable to his powers as an original writer, and with these were beautifully combined the attractions of a cultivated taste, and of a very simple, elegant stile of composition. The arrangement of those volumes is perspicuous in the idea, and regular in the execution. We meet with no poet straggling from his proper place, as we so frequently did in Mr. Jamieson's collection lately reviewed; nor are the specimens ever printed without regard to that order which their different subjects or styles naturally recommended. The performance resembles an elegant building, in which the various kinds of architecture prevail; there is notwithstanding a consistency of the whole, and in which the admirer of each order finds enough to be delighted with, without ever feeling disgust or aversion towards those parts less suited to his notion of excellence. There is, at the same time, a characteristic modesty and gentleness of opinion about Mr. Ellis, which so far from making us doubt the solidity of his information, or the soundness of his conjectures, inspires us with a perfect confidence in both; and we willingly allow ourselves to be instructed by a man who possesses the richness of knowledge without any of its superciliousness, and who, instead of assuming the air and deportment of a wiseacre, converses with us in the easy and pleasant language of a friend.

The object of the work now under review is shortly and distinctly expressed in Mr. Ellis's own words: 'Advertisement,

vol. I.' 'The following volumes are intended to supply a chasm in the Specimens of early English Poets, by explaining more fully the progress of our poetry and language from the latter part of the 13th to the middle of the 14th century, and to exhibit a general view of our romances of chivalry, in their earliest and simplest form.' We shall endeavour to present our readers with as full a view of Mr. Ellis's labours, as our limits will permit, and if it be not productive of amusement or instruction, we willingly take the blame to ourselves, as we think the faults and errors to be found in these volumes are trifling in their nature and few in number, while the information is generally curious and not unfrequently interesting. A considerable part of the first volume consists of an introduction divided into five sections, of which we intend giving a brief analysis.

Sect. I. The word 'Romance' originally signified the Roman language as spoken in the European provinces of the empire; but its earliest use in this island, expressed that dialect of the French introduced by the Norman conquest. The Romance began to supersede the Latin as a colloquial language in Gaul, about the beginning of the 9th century, a written specimen of which is preserved by Mr. Ritson, and nearly resembles the present Provençal. But the uniform prevalence of this language in France was of very short duration. In 845 the Danes or Normans invaded that country, and gradually extended their usurpations in the western provinces till 912, when they had them confirmed by a treaty with Charles the Simple. From this period great changes took place in the Romance language, which was separated into numerous dialects. The distracted state of the kingdom prevented that general intercourse between its most distant inhabitants, which is the great cause of uniformity of speech, and which gave rise to the prevalence of the Latin tongue over all the Roman Empire, and of the Romance while the power of Charlemagne remained unshaken. France became subject to the tyranny of innumerable petty princes, and the vulgar tongue, unfixed by models of composition or rules of grammar, was abandoned to every kind of innovation that ignorance or a mixture of different races of men could produce. It appears however that after the invaders had completely settled themselves in their conquests, they cultivated with great assiduity the language of the vanquished, and that the French were, in a great measure, indebted for the preservation of their vulgar tongue to the capital of Normandy, which afforded to it an asylum, while their own country was involved in the horrors of civil war. To the Normans too, was owing its

general diffusion over Europe; nor is it improbable that the provinces to the north of the Loire, whose dialects partook in some degree of the Teutonic, would assimilate them to the language of a nation so celebrated for valour and victory. With regard to the earliest specimens of northern French literature, no traces remain of any professed work of fiction, or of any thing resembling an epic fable, before the middle of the 12th century. All the compositions in Romance previous to that time, of which we know any thing, were either devotional and moral tracts, chronicles, &c. and universally translations, or warlike, satyrical or encomiastic songs. As far therefore as negative evidence goes, we may deny the existence of any poem now called a romance, before the period above mentioned. It may be urged however, that the minstrels of those times in all probability composed a stock of fabulous narratives, for the amusement of those not greatly delighted with the lives of holy men, though now lost or undiscovered. To this it may be replied that at the time of the conquest, there certainly did exist among the Normans the profession of minstrelsy. But as there is no evidence that these minstrels were French, it must be admitted that they came from Denmark, as advanced by Percy in his Reliques. When their own idiom fell into disuse, they were probably obliged to exercise their talents in the newly adopted language, but how could they contribute in any degree to its improvement, who were themselves so imperfectly acquainted with it? Accordingly, though a spirit of poetry is to be found in the Danish scalds, it does not follow that these bards could transmit it to the Danish minstrels. It is to the crusades that we are to look for the principal cause of improvement in the Romance language. The clergy then found themselves interested in conveying to the illiterate through the medium of the vulgar tongue the knowledge which they alone possessed, and thus that vulgar tongue became a principal object of clerical attention. It is therefore probable that the first works of fiction were not the compositions of such an unlearned set of men as the minstrels must have been, but of persons who had a considerable portion of learning, and who, in the idleness of their profession, composed works which Mr. Ellis well denominates the 'luxury of leisure.' The office of the minstrel appears to have consisted at first in the arts of mimicry and juggling. To these were shortly added that of music, and finally the talent of extemporaneous effusion, like the improvisatore of Italy.

Sect. II. The first romances, written probably during the latter part of the 12th century, profess to be chronicles

or true histories, and are known to have been translated or imitated from the Latin. There however exists one (Le Chevalier au Lion) attributed to Wace, which may be considered as belonging to an intermediate class between the historical romances, and the purely fabulous ones of the 13th century, and which is supposed by Ritson to be the original of Ywain and Gawains. Here Mr. Ellis is naturally led into a dissertation on the origin of that romantic fiction which has furnished to the Italians a splendid species of Epic poetry, and afforded to our rude Norman ancestors many attempts resembling epic fable. This honour has been attributed successively to the Scandinavians, the Arabians, the Armoricans, the Provençals, and the Normans. The first of these theories has been ingeniously supported by Percy. According to him, the scalds, who were the historians of the north, as were the bards of Gaul and Britain, gradually attempted to embellish their recitals with marvellous fictions of giants and enchanters, &c. who in time made such a distinguished figure in the romances. A chivalrous spirit, too, existed in the northern nations long before the establishment of knighthood as a regular order, and their superstitions respecting preternatural beings were extremely analogous to the later fictions of romance. To these he adds other ingenious arguments which it is needless to particularize. This system however appears too exclusive. It does not account for the prodigious number of popular ballads and fictions concerning King Arthur and his knights, which it is evident are derived from a very different source; at the same time it is certain that the Normans continued to preserve, at least during two centuries, a fondness for the peculiar poetry of their ancestors; and Mr. Way has translated a fragment from the fabliaux of "Les trois Chevaliers et la Chemise," which breathes the genuine spirit of the Gothic Ode. The second hypothesis which was adopted by the ingenious but fanciful and superficial Tom Warton, has been ably refuted by Percy, and rests upon no sure foundation, though it ought not to be dissembled that Arabian inventions may have had some influence on the literature and manners of Europe. Arabic numerals were introduced into France a century before the crusades, and the practice of medicine, so often alluded to in the early romances, was taught exclusively in the Saracen schools. The third theory, which supposes Britany to be the native country of romantic fiction, seems liable to the fewest objections. The similarity of the language used by the Armoricans and the natives of this island proves their similar origin, and a colony of Saxons are actually said by the British historians to have taken refuge in Britany, carrying with them

many of their archives. Nay, the Norman poets themselves profess to have derived their stories from a Breton original. As the Bretons were the first people of France with whom the Normans had any friendly intercourse, it must have been from them that the latter derived their tales of Charlemagne; unless we believe them to have been brought from Scandinavia, a supposition very absurd Mr. Ellis concludes this enquiry with the following judicious remarks:

'The reader will perceive that the preceding systems are by no means incompatible, and that there is no absurdity in supposing that the scenes and characters of our romantic histories were very generally, though not exclusively derived from the Bretons, or from the Welch of this island; that much of the colouring, and perhaps some particular adventures may be of Scandinavian origin; and that occasional episodes, together with part of the machinery, may have been borrowed from the Arabians.' P. 35, vol. I.

The section ends with some proofs drawn from the writings of Frenchmen, 'that it was from England and Normandy that the French received the first works that deserve to be cited in their language.'

Sect. III. The nature of the information contained in this section is such that it cannot be abridged to any advantage. Mr. Ellis has compressed into it so much curious information, and expressed it so very concisely, that we content ourselves with referring the reader to the volumes themselves; he will there find a very excellent account of the contents of the famous chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth, the seventh book of which contains many curious particulars relative to the reign of Arthur.

Sect. IV. Mr. Ellis here gives a summary of Geoffrey's "Vita Merlini," which we do not think so happily executed as it might have been. He certainly possesses a rich and original vein of humour, and often enlivens dull details by facetious abridgment and quaint, unexpected turns of expression, in a way irresistibly ludicrous. But he is too fond of directing his readers; he sometimes loses the spirit of the original, or altogether misrepresents it, and seems to think his object accomplished by awakening a smile. This perpetual desire of being witty is not attended with perpetual success, and we are sometimes obliged reluctantly to confess that he gets tiresome. With all the folly and absurdity that pervade the life of Merlin, there is joined a wildness of description and a fanciful combination of incident, that bestow on that wondrous being a character bordering on sublimity; and we cannot applaud the direction of Mr. Ellis's humourous talents when they endeavour to debase

what is exalted. To us there appears something mysteriously fearful in the loud sudden laugh of the seer, by which he intimated his perception of futurity, especially when we consider that he was in general the prophet of calamity. His retreat to the gloomy solitude of the forest, where the wild monsters were tamed by his supernatural powers, and the wonders of the sky fed his inspiration, is conceived with the fancy of a poet, and there is no occasion to speak of it in the language of Joe Millar. Nor to those who worship the spirit of legendary lore is it by any means delightful to hear the old age of Taliessin and Merlin spoken of with jocular irreverence. It was the opinion of Polydore Virgil that Geoffrey invented great part of the chronicle which he professed to translate from a British original, and this opinion has been defended by some modern writers, among whom we find Mr. Turner, the visionary champion of Welch literature. Mr. Ellis, however, shows in a very clear and satisfactory manner the extreme absurdity of this idea. As he adds little to the arguments of Leland and Price on the same subject, it would be useless to repeat here the detail of his reasoning. The section ends with a very curious conjecture of Mr. Owen, the compiler of the Welch Dictionary, concerning the existence of two Arthurs, which certainly accounts in a great measure for the monstrous fooleries that pervade the story of the king so called. We refer our readers to the 'Cambrian Biography' for the particulars of this theory, and content ourselves with stating, that the first Arthur is supposed to have been "Arcturus or the great Bear and proprietor of the constellation Lyra," and the second the son of Meirig ap Tewdrig, king of the Silures. Mr. Ellis judiciously observes, p. 99, vol. i. "Whether we suppose that Arthur was the real baptismal name of this warrior, or an appellation conferred by the gratitude of British historians and poets on the temporary saviour of their country, we may easily believe that this similarity of name might ultimately tend to identify the two personages, and thus introduce into history all the mythological extravagancies of the "Mabinogion."

Sect. V. In this section, which concludes the learned and ingenious introduction, Mr. Ellis has brought together much curious information relative to Wales during the 11th, 12th and 13th centuries; we intended to have given a full analysis of it, but we unwillingly pass it over with this general notice, lest we should be forced to omit other points of still greater curiosity.

In the appendix is an analysis by Mr. Douce of a very singular performance entitled 'Petrus Alphonsus,' now in the British Museum, and also a very neat account by Mr.

Ellis of the Lays of Marie, which Mr. Ritson erroneously conceived to be of Armorican origin, but which were certainly written in this country and never printed. Some of them, particularly Bisclareanet, Les deux Amants Ywonéc, are very interesting, and abridged in our author's happiest manner; others of them have been analysed by LeGrand and admirably translated by Way, so that Mr. Ellis contents himself with merely mentioning their names. Many book-making collectors, Mr. Jamieson for example, would have delighted in the work of supererogation which Mr. E.'s sense and honesty have despised.

We come now to the romances themselves, which are arranged under six general heads: I. Romances relating to King Arthur; II. Anglo Saxon romances; III. Anglo Norman romances; IV. Romances relating to Charlemagne; V. Romances of oriental origin; VI. Miscellaneous romances.

I. Romances concerning Arthur. These consist of Merlin in two parts, and of Morte Arthur. The first part of Merlin, which by the bye forms a complete whole, and has no connection whatever with Arthur, is much the more interesting of the two; and extravagant as the story is, the mind cannot help feeling an undefinable interest in that extravagance. The birth and parentage of Merlin well entitle him to supernatural energies, and exhibit in a striking point of view the wild creation of rude uncultivated imagination. His Satanic majesty, after destroying a worthy old gentleman and his wife, cannot be quiet till he has also got into his clutches their three daughters, who were first-rate toasts in the neighbourhood. By means of an old witch of his acquaintance he undermines the chastity of the eldest of these damsels, and, in some shape more pleasing to the female heart than his natural one, triumphs over her easy virtue. According to a very unjust and cruel law of the land, she is buried alive for this transgression. Her second sister falls likewise under the power of the tempter, but, availing herself of a clause in the statute against violated virginity, she saves her life by extending her favours to the good of the public. The third sister keeps herself immaculate for a considerable time, till getting accidentally drunk at an alehouse over the way, where it is to be feared she too often indulged in tippling, she falls asleep without bolting the door of her bedroom, and in the morning discovers that she has sustained a loss against which she had so long guarded with so much difficulty. Her pregnancy getting wind, old father Blaise, an useful character in those days, manages to delay the execution of her sentence, and in due time she brings into the world the wondrous child Merlin, who immediately on his

birth undergoes the ceremony of baptism, which saves him from becoming a devil like his papa. He is a most perfect rhetorician the instant he sees the light, and proves to the entire satisfaction of a court of a justice that his mother was not at all to blame in the business, as she had only suffered 'a chance' that might have happened to any one, and could not be reasonably supposed capable of baffling the Prince of Evil. The judge presiding at this trial was not a little nettled at Merlin's superior sagacity, and was punished by the formidable imp for his ill-nature, in being let into the secret that a priest of an adjoining parish was his father, a disagreeable truth which is on the spot confirmed by the confession of the contrite mother, who acknowledges her youthful partiality for the cloth. At the age of seven years, Merlin is carried to the court of Vortigern, who had been directed by Magi to search for a child answering his description, and at the court of that prince, he delivers a variety of prophecies, in the accomplishment of which the first part of the romance consists. A line occurs in this story which appears to allude to some popular notion that a being such as Merlin, and so called, was to appear in the world, though it has not attracted the attention of Mr. Ellis. Whenever the midwife sees him, she exclaims,

'Alas! art thou Merlin?'

Unless we account for this exclamation on the ground above mentioned, we must wonder not a little at the sagacity of the old gossip in discovering a child's name before the idea had occurred of giving him one. The second part of this romance, which narrates the birth and education of the famous Arthur and his exploits to the time of his marriage, contains a tedious repetition of similar atchievements varied with little art, and at the best absurd and extravagant. Mr. Ellis has abridged it from a *fragment* of 10,000 lines! The Morte Arthur is a most tragical romance. In it we find queen Guenever discovered in her long continued amours with Sir Launcelot, and in consequence of her frailty Arthur is engaged in war with his bravest and best beloved knights. Brothers in arms become deadly and inveterate foes, and Arthur, who had pursued Sir Launcelot into Britany, being recalled thence by the usurpation of his kinsman Modred, after several bloody battles is killed by that usurper. Guenever retires to a convent, and Sir Launcelot to a monastery, where he dies.

On reading this class of romances we are struck with many apparent contradictions in those established sentiments

and manners that constitute the moral character of a nation. We are at a loss to form any general judgment of the virtues or vices of our ancestors, and must allow them to have been a very comical sort of people. The character of the female sex in particular, and the sentiments with which they were regarded, appear perfectly inexplicable. The ladies who figure before us, exhibit a singular mixture of virtue and licentiousness, and while our forefathers are at one time so rigid as to burn frail damsels alive, at another, they regard with all possible complacency, females living in open adultery. That chastity in women was highly valued is proved by the notion, however false as to fact, that the loss of it was punished capitally, but that the possession of it was very rare, is proved by the liberal disposition of every heroine. Though knights, to gain the love of ladies fair, were willing to sacrifice life, how often is that love gratuitously bestowed and shamelessly offered? While at one time queen Guenever scarcely condescends to allow Sir Launcelot a kiss of her hand, at another, she scruples not to accommodate him with a night's lodging. As to the morals of the men, in affairs of gallantry, they seem no less at variance with the spirit of honour, and Sir Launcelot does not appear conscious of having injured his sovereign by sharing with him the affections of his consort. He professes to entertain for Guenever the same exclusive love as if he were her husband, and is shocked to death at any imputation of infidelity to her bed. His adultery appears to his own mind founded on the strictest principles of honour; nor does this arise from the blindness of passion, it is the sound reasoning of the knight in his sober senses. The whole court too, are represented as indifferent to the queen's amours; yet whenever she is positively convicted, they prepare to roast her with all possible dispatch, for a crime of which they had long known her to be guilty. The friendship of the knights too was false and hollow. An accidental murder of a brother renders Sir Gawair the most implacable foe of the man he formerly worshipped; and after the feeble band of brotherhood is snapped, the dark and revengeful passions take their uncontrouled sway. It appears indeed from these romances, if they are in any degree to be considered as pictures of the times, that pride was the sole foundation of a woman's honour, and a knight's fealty. If a knight was brave and loyal, the most modest ladies threw aside all reserve, and glorying in a conquest over him who had chopped off the heads of giants, sacrificed their virtue to their vanity and pride. To nameless knights seldom were they in the yielding mood; but there, too,

pride forbade what inclination might whisper. Nay, if they could get a champion stronger than him who accused them, they considered all scandal at an end, and they were led immaculate into the drawing room by the very man who in some measure confessed their guilt by thinking himself bound to assert their innocence. In truth, our ancestors seem to have aimed at an elevated virtue, for which they were not fit either by circumstances or general character, and finding themselves incapable of gaining the reality, they became eagerly desirous of possessing the semblance. Their whole character thus became artificial, and their actions being guided hy sentiments not natural to them, partook of the grossest vice, while they absurdly imagined themselves to be paragons of every thing exalted in human nature. The mind turns in disgust from the splendid court of King Arthur, where chivalry was supposed to have shot through the hearts of each courteous knight the sacred sparks of honour, and to have fanned the milder flame of female virtue, but where, in fact, profligacy and insincerity reigned, to the wild forests of Germany, where our ancestors led a life of primæval simplicity, and tempered the bold independence of savage institutions, with a gentleness of spirit in general attributed solely to refinement.

II. Anglo-Saxon Romances. These consist of Sir Guy of Warwick and Sir Beris of Hamptown. God forbid that we should attempt giving a detailed account of either. The story of Sir Guy is superior to any romance we ever had the luck to peruse, in dull absurdity; and that of Sir Beris only yields to this its more successful competitor in every quality calculated to fatigue and disgust. Sir Guy appears to have been composed from the materials of two or three, if not more, romances, and it comprises every thing silly, trifling, tedious and deplorable in them all. There is no accounting for taste however, for Hen. de Knyghton ap. Hist An. Scriptores,x, p. 2321, presents us with the following panegyric on this illimitable expanse of folly. 'Sed quia historia dicti Guidonis cunctis seculis laudabili memoria commendanda est, in præsenti historia immiscere curavi,' &c. Indeed Guy of Warwick is the most popular of all our ancient romances, and a modern abridgement of it sells almost as well as Dr. Mavor's British Nepos. Of this Mr. Ellis is well aware, and frankly tells his readers that they are 'about to encounter a very dull and heavy compilation.' We think there was no occasion for publishing such stuff, though really Mr. Ellis contrives to enliven it with so many facetious strokes of his own, that we cannot be angry at the choice of the vehicle, clumsy and useless as

it is, which carries into the world so many pleasant passengers; but why does he call this an Anglo-Saxon romance? Because it may possibly be founded on some Saxon tradition. This is a very lame excuse. It should have been printed among the miscellaneous romances, as well as Sir Beris; with which remark we beg leave to quit the society of two such very tiresome gentlemen.

III. Anglo-Norman Romance. This performance relates to 'Lion Richard.' It possesses considerable merit in respect to force of language and liveliness of description, nor are the incidents altogether uninteresting; but on the whole, it is too extravagantly improbable to excite much pleasure in minds of common texture. We are willing to believe 'Cœur de Lion' capable of a great deal, but he here ceases to be either a man or a God, and becomes a downright demon. He gobbles up human flesh with vast satisfaction, and picks the skull of a heathen with as much delight as a vulture. His valour is savage ferocity, and his courtesy the awful quiet of cruel dissimulation. Every sentiment of admiration is lost in that of horror, and wonder yields to mingling fear and disgust. It has been asserted by a certain northern critic that this romance furnishes a strong proof of the change for the worse which the religious wars introduced into the European character. We see no good reason for adopting this opinion. From the circumstance of the crusades being a common cause, and in the success of which all persons engaged were equally interested, we conceive that the bond of brotherhood must have derived additional vigour and solidity. There were no jealousies to destroy the sanctity of friendship or to disturb the mutual confidence of honour. Every bosom beat with superstitious zeal in the service of the cross, and with indignant fury against its enemies. On the contrary, all the other efforts of chivalry, separate from the crusades, had a distinct object of personal advantage. Each knight fought against the foes of his own mistress, and put to death the dragons and the giants who were particularly hostile to her. Where emulation of this nature existed, jealousy was unavoidable; and accordingly we in general find little generosity in the boasted friendship of sworn brothers. So far therefore as generosity and sincerity of character were concerned, it seems obvious that the effects of the crusades were beneficial. With respect to the charge of cruelty founded on the incidents of this romance, the critic alluded to, errs in drawing a general inference from an individual example.

It is certain that this is not the only romance which was composed after the crusades, and if the change in character attributed to them had really taken place, why did that

change not display itself equally, or in some degree, in all romances posterior to that period? There is therefore every reason to believe that this romance is not a fair picture of the feelings of the age, but composed probably by some minstrel who delighted in the wild and horrible, and forsook the established sentiments that pervaded the generality of romances, to indulge his fancy in its own savage and hideous creations. We cannot doubt that the recital of Richard's bloody banquet excited only disgust and horror in the minds of our ancestors. The heads on which he regaled were indeed those of heathen hounds, which in the eye of a crusader were not highly valued; but though the frenzy of religious zeal might so change valour into brutality as to render it capable of grossly insulting the dead, it could not convert men into cannibals, much less make cannibals the objects of love and admiration. As well might we take 'Titus Andronicus' as a picture of English character during the time of Shakespeare, as this romance for a specimen of the compositions admired by our ancestors of the Third Edward's reign.

IV. Romances relating to Charlemagne. These romances are all derived from the history written by Archbishop Turpin, the contemporary and friend of Charlemagne, as all the romantic histories concerning Arthur and his knights are professedly derived from the chronicle of Geoffry of Monmouth. They are three in number, Roland and Ferragus, Sir Otuel, and Sir Ferumbras. The length to which this article has already extended prevents us from giving any account of them, or of the other romances contained under the general heads of oriental and miscellanous romances. Suffice it to remark, that Mr. Ellis has in general executed his task with admirable skill, and exhibited the compositions of the elder time in so agreeable a dress, that many persons will be induced to study them, who had neither inclination nor ability to read them in their original form.

As indiscriminate praise would rather tend to disgrace than honour such a man as Mr. Ellis, we have no hesitation in hinting at his errors or deficiencies. In addition to what we have already said of his too great ambition to acquire the character of a wit, we are sorry to say, that he often indulges his jocularity on the most pathetic occasions, and clothes in ludicrous colours what is extremely serious. When we consider how very seldom our old romances exhibit any quality of good writing, it is hard to find their most ardent admirer destroying the little that is excellent. If a man is disposed to laugh vehemently, he may have recourse to such performances as professor Richardson's funeral elegies, or Mr. Richard Mant's poem on the horrors of

the Slave Trade. This error has, we think, arisen from too close an imitation of the manner of Tressan, a writer certainly beneath Mr. Ellis in every essential quality, and whose manner is better suited to the meridian of Paris than London. We also wish that we had been presented with more extracts from the romances themselves, which would not only have been amusing, but would also have afforded the public an opportunity of more justly estimating the value of Mr. Ellis's labours, and the ability with which they have been executed. A little more attention, too, ought to have been paid to the explanation of obsolete words, for many are omitted, and others erroneously explained in the notes. Thus, vol. i. p. 263. *to-rof* is explained 'crumbled to powder.' It properly signifies, '*completely tore*;' for the word *rof* is the old præterite of *to rive*, and *to* in composition is intensive. Vol. i. p. 331, 'Loud and still' is not, as Mr. Ellis imagines, a foolish phrase, signifying 'in the noise of battle and the silence of peace,' but a very rational one, implying both *openly and secretly*. Ditto. p. 340, *Suough*. Mr. Ellis cannot understand this word, though we think it is probably a variation of the old Scotch word *sheugh*, a moat or ditch, obliquely any hollow place. Vol. ii. p. 129, *swyse* appears to us rather a corruption of *swyth*, quickly, than sweet, as explained by Mr. Ellis. Ditto, p. 147. *Tho* is not when, but then. Vol. iii. p. 122. 'This haill is thine' does not appear to us a salutation, but the genuine old phrase, this whole is thine, this is thine entirely, a supposition corroborated by the context. Ditto, p. 128. *The water will erne:* the word erne is not explained by Mr. Ellis; should it not be rene, i e. run, the letters being transposed? We could multiply instances; but as they appear rather errors of haste than ignorance, the task would be invidious and useless.

We had intended to offer some remarks on the very singular nature of the poetry contained in this compilation, and to investigate at considerable length, the causes which have stamped upon it that character. On some future occasion, we propose to enter more fully into this discussion, which appears connected with several curious traits in the character of our ancestors, and with the spirit of their government. At present, we can do little more than state a few general points. What strikes us as most singular in all the minstrel poetry we possess, is, that with plentiful indications of an age sufficiently barbarous to justify the expectation of much rude energy, it wants all the strong features of savage song, namely, the impetuosity and vehemence with which the succession of images and feelings is forced upon the mind; the abruptness of

sudden transport, the fervour and boldness of empassioned expression, which permit the powerful workings of nature, when none of her energies are repressed by the artificial restraints of society, or enervated by the softness of refinement. Savage poems too, are like the bursts of passion, short;—but a minstrel, the most everlasting of God's creatures, can proceed with unrelenting inspiration through interminable histories of 20,000 lines, where narrative is hung upon narrative, and description upon description, with a tediousness that could only be expected in privileged German theologians or jurisconsults. We think that one great cause of the coldness of their poetry was in the manners of the feudal barons and knights, which were formal and restrained much beyond what has happened every where else among men so near to savages in other respects. As the minstrels could copy the manners, feelings, and language of their poetry only from what they saw and heard in society, the necessity of this transfusion of dulness is obvious. But the difficulty lies in accounting for this formality and restraint among our savage ancestors. Perhaps the following observations may in some measure accomplish that end. The state of society in all the nations to which the minstrel poetry belongs, was produced by the commixture of fresh unimpaired barbarism, with the remains of ancient refinement. It is well known that the conquerors of the Roman world, instead of attempting to establish their native manners and customs in their new territories, became enamoured of the civilization they found there, and in the ardour of their admiration, fell to imitating the people whom they had enslaved. All that we know of them, except their wars, bears the impression of their unsuccessful efforts in this curious imitation. Without dwelling on the awkward restraint which a studied imitation of any manners imposes on every natural expression of feeling, and which represses even that compliance with the impulses of the heart that those very manners among the people to whom they were natural would allow, it is evident, that the suppression of the appearance of emotion is the very essence of the politeness they were so ambitious of acquiring; and we may imagine how far they would succeed in this essential point, when we consider the ceremonies and stately formality which *that* politeness would assume in the hands of savages elated with their own importance, and delighted with the discovery of those forms of respect and obeisance, which a polished people in their long study of servility had invented to flatter the pride of their lords, and which they now transferred, not a little carica-

tured, to the grosser critics in adulation who succeeded the knights and nobles of the Roman empire. We cannot suppose that after they had stored their heads with all these treasures of politeness in the reverential circle of their dependants, they would throw them all aside as soon as they met in their own assemblies, and revert to the rough frankness of their natural manners. The dignity which each of them bore about him, so long as these ceremonies attended his person, made them too precious to be laid aside for a moment. Every man was interested in their becoming the standing forms of good company. It is difficult to conceive any other origin for that excess of courtesy among equals, which distinguished the manners of many subsequent ages, and which have certainly all the appearance of imitating the forms of servility. We know well what this cumbersome politeness was several ages after, when a real progress in refinement may be supposed to have introduced more ease and good sense into the manners of high life, and we may hence conjecture what it must have been in the grotesque courtliness of a fashionable Ostro-goth. There is certainly every reason to believe, that from the time of the barbarian conquests to the most splendid period of feudal magnificence, this courtly politeness of manners was the object of very elaborate study; and though it had attained in the 'stately courtesy' of chivalry a real dignity, very different from the extraordinary character it wore in the first pretenders, it is clear, that from one end to the other, owing to such studied factitious manners, the minstrel could never learn to paint in the colouring of real poetry the emotions of nature as they existed in the bosoms of those illustrious warriors, who were the originals of the imaginary heroes of his song.

This restraint of manners is farther to be ascribed to the feudal governments. That complicated system of graduated oppression which we honour with this name, does not naturally belong to that step in the progress of improvement which society had then attained, but is the result of conquest, either by a nation somewhat advanced in civilization over barbarians, or by barbarians over such a nation. Under that government, good society—the society which minstrels saw and copied—was to be found only in the courts of kings, or in the castles of the nobility. In either case it was composed of a sovereign and his subjects. A respectful submission to their lord, and a ceremonious decorum towards each other in his presence, especially when aided by the pride of politeness, were of course very strongly marked in their manners. It is the society of equals when they

are men of dignity and importance, that forms simple and noble manners. In a nation where this equality of society exists, and which is still near enough to the barbarous age to retain much of its fierce energy of character, a form of manners will be produced, admirably adapted for the poet's studies. A small state, in which the great men are collected in the principal towns, is very likely to educate poets. This, we conjecture, was the condition of the small states of Greece or Ionia, or both, where one or both of them educated Homer; Italy was so divided when she produced her great poets and painters. On these accounts the contrast between the state of society in England under its Saxon kings and their immediate Norman successors deserves to be investigated with all the diligence that is in the nature of our antiquaries, as it must exhibit in a very striking light the manners, character and government, that grew out of the natural improvement of society, as opposed to those which arose from the peculiar circumstances of France, Spain, &c. and which were transferred to England by the Normans. The poems that we have remaining of the Saxon period have much of the savage character. What would have been the consequence upon English literature, had the Norman conquest never taken place, this is not the place to conjecture, but we may observe that we should not have waited for our first great heroic poet till the age of Shakespeare.

Besides the influence which that mixture of barbarism and refinement exerted on poetry through the medium of manners, it would exert a very malignant influence on it immediately, by the strange sort of pedantry into which it converted literature, and which will never thrive on earth as it did in the monkish cells. There is a curious instance, in the list given by Mr. Ellis of the early Norman compositions, of the rapidity with which this spirit of laborious and unprofitable learning seized on the minds of men who thought of being poets. A Norman bard wrote a poem of immense bulk on plants and animals. This branch of the enquiry might be illustrated at great length, and if what we have now said should turn the attention of any man of learning and ingenuity to the farther discussion of this subject, we shall consider ourselves fortunate in having afforded the hint.

Before leaving the subject altogether, we shall mention another reason why the minstrels should have been bad poets: they had got into the style of marvellous adventures. Whether this is naturally the second stage of poetry, or an accident peculiar to them, we are at present uncertain; but it is evident, that as soon as people have got to be delighted,

provided they are bewildered in endless and inextricable mazes of wonder, they can very well dispense with vivid representations of human actions and feelings. A perpetual succession of enchanted castles, immeasurable giants, flying chariots, and fiery dragons, is an ample compensation for the want of truth and nature; and instead of heightening the passion of his poetry in order to fix the attention of his hearers, the minstrel had only to multiply and magnify his impossibilities. The unfatiguable patience of our ancestors which kept pace with the minstrel's inspiration is still unaccounted for; but were we to carry these remarks much farther, we should also have to account for the patience of our readers, and lest we should fail in doing so satisfactorily, we close this article.

ART. II.—*The Independent Man; or an Essay on the Formation and Developement of those Principles and Faculties of the Human Mind, which constitute moral and intellectual Excellence. By George Ensor, Esq. For the Benefit of the Literary Fund. In two Volumes.* 8vo. Johnson. 1806.

IN a book of institutes for the moral and intellectual improvement of mankind, it is hardly to be expected that much will be said, which has not been offered to the world before in some shape or other. In bringing up their children, every parent has anxieties and difficulties to encounter from their sickliness, frowardness, and other infirmities, in meeting which they would with more propriety rely either on their own experience, or on that of another parent, than on any written book. This is by no means intended to discourage those who have the superintendance of children from the advantages to be derived from some observations contained in this publication. It may indeed be objected to the author, that with many, if not most of the precepts contained in the first chapter, the world has been long acquainted; that they are either general topics of conversation in its more serious form, or rules in which all mankind have acquiesced, however little they may have adhered to their observance. But this should be no objection to the book: if the truth of these remarks be generally admitted, the more certain are they of being just; few men wander in error from ignorance of their duties; no new codes are wanting; to enforce the old and established precepts would ensure to mankind all the benefits which the wisdom and experience of ages have prepared for them. In his first

chapter, on the treatment of boys from infancy to their eighteenth year, Mr. Ensor has the merit of enforcing duties which have been acknowledged as duties; which would indisputably promote the happiness of parents and children, and redound to the glory of that country where they may be most strictly observed. For who can deny that a strong, vigorous and well informed race is the surest support and the greatest pride of a nation? Who will deny, that man, like other animals, is improvable by nurture; or that the time and attention employed in training him to the highest efforts of which his nature is capable, are ill bestowed?

There is no part of the world to which this reasoning would be inapplicable. But England should, above all nations, be attentive to the education of her youth. The abilities of most countries are directed in their fullest lustre to but one or two channels. War is the trade of France. An immense population highly favoured by nature with quick faculties, and supported by a soil the most fertile and productive in the world, secure to France advantages that are inestimable. War was the almost exclusive trade of Germany, until her arms were wrested from her by the superior genius of her aspiring neighbour. Italy, contented with beholding from shore the wreck of others, remained the quiet looker on of battles in which she bore no part: yet in her humiliation, her genius was successfully employed in the arts, to which it was wholly directed. The strength of Spain was paralyzed; insult added to insult, had crushed the more effectually her dormant energies. She had been beaten and bruised, and had only become more malleable from the hammer. While the genius of other states had remained torpid and inactive, or had exerted itself in but few pursuits, that of Britain was aspiring to eminence through several roads. We were neither statesmen, nor soldiers, nor sailors, nor mechanics exclusively. Our exertions were divided; but they were not therefore the less successful. The vicinity of a powerful and ambitious neighbour, which has struck panic into other nations, has called forth those talents which would otherwise have been unknown for want of opportunities for exertion. With the disadvantage of a small population, we take the lead in mercantile and nautical affairs; we conquer, defend, and feed distant colonies; we are outdone by none of the moderns in the arts, and are superior to all nations in literature. It is evident therefore that a greater proportion of subjects are engaged in active employments than those of any other nation whatever. With physical means so small, and with pursuits so various and

complex, there is but little room for idlers. The mass of the people should be well informed, active, sagacious, and enterprising, that we may support the hard earned and well deserved situation which we have gained. It should be remembered that our strength is artificial, that our resources are the riches of all nations, which we know how to appreciate, and turn to our own account. The greatest attention should therefore be bestowed in training up the youth of England, on whom so much will necessarily devolve, and the more so, as the early initiation into accounts, the incitements to commerce, and the hopes of lucre, must, if left to operate unresisted by nobler incentives, give a tinge of meanness to the mind and manners of our countrymen. To meet all these difficulties which have raised us so highly as a nation, it is to be feared little has been done in the way of educating our youth, excepting those of the higher rank, or those who have been intended exclusively for literature. As the volumes before us are replete with erudition, it is not to be expected, that (with the exception of the first chapter which peculiarly regards the health and morals of children) many hints will be found useful to the commercial or laborious classes of society, who are surely more in need of precepts for conduct, than those to whom the author addresses himself. Meanwhile the poor are neglected, and suffered to do their daily labour in savage stupidity, and the young clerks and apprentices, in no degree differing from the poor, excepting in the impudence and flippancy which a prospect of success in trade inspires, remain undisturbed to scandalize the metropolis.

In the first section of the work, some useful, though trite, observations are made on the management of boys from infancy to their eighteenth year. The advice given to mothers of suckling their own children, has reason and experience in its favour. Indeed it would seem very improvident in nature, if the woman who had strength to bear a child, should be deficient in supplying nutriment to the offspring which she has borne. This subject has been handled time out of mind by physicians, who, unless biassed by private interest, have pleaded the cause of nature and of sense. The little poem of Luigi Tansillo is made known to the English reader by Roscoe; and would act as no mean advocate upon those who are already half persuaded of the duties which belong to mothers. Many remarks follow of no very high interest. The author, in his endeavour to omit nothing, however obvious, dwells frequently on subjects palpable, and worn thread bare by handling. Who would

have expected the following, which concludes with some moral, but certainly feeble lines from Thomson?

'Children should be restrained frem despoiling birds of their young. Phocylides recommends a partial spoliation; yet, why render even a bird wretched, by depriving it of liberty? Keeping birds in cages is not merely confined to boys: many descriptions of people act the same puerile part; such as young ladies, who want some individuals of their kind on whom they may impose their affections; and married women, without a progeny, as a substitute for children; and old maids and superannuated bachelors, who substitute such prisoners for offspring and society. Let the feathered race range the fields and the woods; God intended them to be nature's commoners:

'Oh, then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes; this barbarous act forbear;
If in your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.'

Cruelty he does not think so inherent in our nature as it may generally appear. He imputes the torturing and killing of animals, which affords a repast so delicious to children and the lower orders of mankind, to the impulse of curiosity. But whatever may be the motive or desire which is gratified, its indulgence is promoted by cruelty; which, it is to be feared, is characteristic of the species. For although boys are deterred at no very late age from shedding blood, from torturing, and from mangling by the imputation of savageness which is affixed to open inhumanity, the inherent disposition to injure and to persecute is only diverted into other channels; and he who when a boy could look with pleasure on the distortions of a chicken or a dog writhing in agonies, would with equal pleasure, were it not for the interference of laws, direct the quota of torture to be inflicted by the rack on a fellow creature, and triumph in his sufferings. What is the history of mankind but a series of the most unremitting cruelty! In what country have not the governors, where they had opportunity and power of displaying their dispositions unrestrained, abused their birth right in the most sanguinary actions? The iron crown, the bed of steel, the auto-da-fe,

Verbera, carnifices, robur, pix, lamina, tœdæ,

are of all climates, and of all nations, where human nature is permitted to revel uncurbed by the dread of retributive justice.

The rock on which this gentleman has split, is that profound seriousness attached to trifles which frequently leads him away into theory. His abhorrence of falsehood induces

him to brand the most common modes of speaking with the title of false. School is a place whose very name strikes panic into many boys, and more particularly those who are timid from nature, or rendered so by the fondness of mothers. Our author says,

'No falsehood is more usual, than that the time spent at school is the pleasantest period of life. Elders hope by this means to make the child enamoured with coercion. Reasonable beings ought to be persuaded to perform what is right by ingenuous motives. On whatever subject you address the boy, let truth, that quality which gives the stamp and character to all the virtues, direct your discourse: if you speak to him of school, tell him it is irksome, but necessary: that the difficulties will decrease as he proceeds: that, as he is assiduous, the period of restraint will be abridged: that accomplishments can only be the fruit of diligence; and that their attainment is delightful and glorious.'

However sound this reasoning may appear, it surely evinces a thorough inattention to the capacities, and ignorance of the dispositions of children, to whom our author attributes so much foresight of the honours and advantages resulting from a tedious, crabbed and austere discipline. Our author should remember that civilization makes us children of art; that education is throughout a resistance to natural propensities; that the pill is unpalatable, and has need of a little gilding; and that not only children, but grown up men with beards and spectacles, must be frequently cheated into doing good to themselves. One of Dryden's heroes exclaims in triumph,

> I am as free as nature first made man,
> Ere the vile laws of servitude began,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Will cold phlegmatic reasoning induce a being thus rude and naturally proud of his rudeness, to relinquish his savage independence?

The author complains, that, 'though a boy may preserve his knowledge of Latin, he soon loses his attainments in Greek.' This, among other causes which might be adduced, owes its rise not to any dislike to the language itself, not to the nauseousness of the draught, but to the unpleasant medium through which, particularly of late years, it has been imbibed. From having no language of their own worth cultivation, the Germans have with more peculiar devotion applied their stubborn and unyielding faculties to Greek literature. The Heynes, the Hermans, the Jacobs, the Schutze's, and the Schneiders, with a long list of broad shouldered young men more fitted

Versare glebas, et severæ
Matris ad arbitrium recisos
Portare fustes,

are in fault for this untimely abandonment of the Greek, where it takes place. Homer, Æschylus, the historians and the philosophers, are imported with all but their texts, or should the text not be absolutely forgotten, it is stinted and crimped up at the top of the page, merely as a looker-on of the dreadful battles, the thrusts and parries of commentators exhibited in the notes, to which it has unconsciously given birth by some simple expression, which required perversion to be misinterpreted. Men with darned worsted stockings, of low extraction, and lower pretensions to the gifts of nature, are dragged forth from the garrets and cellars of Gottingen, to be dubbed viri clariss:, and become the first consuls and emperors of literature; a reading of no consequence provokes their displeasure;

tum jurgia prima sonare
Incipiunt ammis ardentibus—hæc tuba pugnæ.

Immediately some one of this irritable tribe, couching his grey goose quill, and rising in his literary stirrups, followed by an army of desperadoes disciplined by himself, and inured to index-making and scrivening, commences his ravages on taste, genius, and sense. It is pitiable to behold the affray, to see the μελαν αἱμα flowing copiously on either side over fair reams of paper, blotting and blurring every thing in its way. After the subjection of the whole Germanic body to the will of the conqueror, the invasion of England is meditated, and without waiting for gunboats, he makes good his landing. Sense undrilled in the warfare, is soon bribed, or overwhelmed by his legions, and stops not in his career till he has the happiness to be invested with the purple at Oxford. The author however is incorrect in complaining of the abandonment of Greek. Never was that language so much in vogue as at present. It is unfortunate that a medicine so salutary, should be mixed with drugs so prejudicial to sound sense. A student who reads the Greek philosophers or poets with all their incumbrances, resembles that feverish patient who after having taken a cooling draught in compliance with a prescription of his physician, washes it down with brandy. It is like applying an antidote and bane at the same time.

The reasoning on an early initiation into theme writing is very well deserving attention; the author objects to it on grounds which are well chosen, and ably defended. But he has omitted to use the strongest argument against this practice; which is, that the habit of encouraging such

depositaries of grave nonsense, must promote the propagation of those common-place ideas, with which we are overwhelmed at the bar, from the pulpit, and on the stage. We do not remember a single instance of what is called a good theme writer who either promised or performed any thing beyond it. Some exercises however, besides reading, we conceive necessary for the purposes of becoming intimate with the two languages. The safest would probably be a re-translation of some author into his own language from the English, and a comparison with the original. But imagination is peculiar to youth, and early efforts at poetry bespeak more certainly a mind raised beyond the level of the multitude. The images for poetry are every where at hand: a sunbright or a gloomy day; the rising or the setting sun; a church yard; and all those vivid emotions of love and hatred, pain and pleasure, which succeed to each other so rapidly in youth, point out verse for the delineation. The subject however should be chosen in such a manner, as neither to give free admission to worn out thoughts or words, nor to encourage any attempts at reconciling mechanism and its terms to verse. At Cambridge the odes are generally written on the common place of Britain's glory; and consequently, if Mr. Dibdin were a competitor, he would always bear off the palm. A prize poem at Oxford was won by a gentleman who toiled through the whole process of mining, with a fair description of the tools and engines used in this highly useful, but highly unpoetical science. This labour was however atchieved by the young miner with such fidelity, that not only the engines were described accurately, but the noises made by each engine were echoed by the verses according to a nostrum of Pope and others. The whole exercise resounded with thwacking, screaking, thumping, hammering, blowing and exploding. Nay, sometimes we smelled, or seemed to smell, the mephitic air struggling for a vent through five and six hexameters in succession. So wonderful was the deception—all the verses were in labour: and the student of course came off with the prize.

Our author's schemes for vegetable, in preference to animal food, his prescription of leaden shoes to strengthen the knees, teaching boys household economy, and making them transcribe books for the purpose of learning a style, together with fifty other theories, remind us strongly of a chapter in Rabelais—'How Gargantua did amuse himself in rainy weather.' We were glad to find objections urged against the passion for galvanism, electricity, chemistry and mineralogy, which rages so violently at present, and which, if pursued at an early

age, before the complete attainment of useful knowledge, only tend to make youth contradictory, arrogant, and inflated with pride at the acquisition of a few hard and long names, and a few experiments by which they are enabled to puzzle their grandmothers, and astound their aunts.

The first chapter, on which we have been too diffuse, closes with a salutary recommendation to gain adroitness in all those bodily exercises, which promote vigour in the limbs, and grace in their deportment.

Every thing in our author is a premeditated scheme; a parent must begin, proceed, and end exactly as is here laid down, or the whole fabric will fall to the ground. While he is aiming at perfection, he is exposing his pupil to utter ruin after he has passed the eighteenth year.

It would be needless to dwell on his censure of English universities; and it will answer our purpose to notice the substitute proposed.

From a hint of Montaigne, Mr. Ensor recommends travelling in foreign countries; and here we must pause for a moment to reflect on a custom, usual with this author, of ushering in any scheme or opinion which has fallacy on the face of it, under the sanction of names.

Thus we have him backed up by Adam Smith and Milton in his abuse of universities, by Montaigne in his recommendation, of travelling at 17 and 18 years of age, with examples of Paul Perrot and de l'Hopital who had travelled; by Mr. M'Ennie in his recommendation of vegetable diet; by Dacier, Brumoi, Piron, Voltaire, Fenelon and La Motte, in lamenting the servitude of rhyme; by Mr. Ensor himself in recommending blank verse, and by the same gentleman in preferring Cowper's Homer to that of Pope. None of these subjects are of a nature so trivial as to be undeserving of some notice; they affect morality, erudition and the mode of nutriment; and the world have a right to expect reasons, and very cogent ones, for a departure from received opinions.

In other places we find the author asserting some common and unimportant facts, as if afraid to assert them without the shelter of a whole muster roll of men mighty in the field, cabinet or library, thus:

'Let me insist then that the nurse be selected with uncommon care. Montaigne attributes a principal part of education to her.'

'Though this advice should be resented by many, Hippocrates and Sydenham have established it as a fact, that nature, unassisted, ucres diseases.'

'If physic be administered, the simplest is the best: and this was the opinion of Cato.'

'I am of Rousseau's opinion, that those who have the care of children should only be cautious to preserve them from accidents.'

'Some would have fathers be their children's teachers: how few have leisure from their respective occupations, and how, few like Cato and D'Aguesseau, are equal to the task!'

In short, Mr. Ensor would not be satisfied with saying that Queen Anne is actually dead, but he would cite all the authorities from chronicles, private testimonies, acts and records, besides the greater historians, to substantiate an assertion so daring.

We now return to the travelling scheme. It will be agreed on all hands, that the time passed between the age of 18 and that of manhood is the most critical, and, whether we regard morality or improvement in knowledge, that which requires the most vigilant and anxious solicitude from persons who have themselves outlived the danger.

At that age youth begin to rise in their pretensions; and, from the title of man which is then usually conferred, they expect all the rights of thinking and acting for themselves. If safety only were consulted, the safest asylum would be the parent's house, and the safest employment would be the gradual initiation into his pursuits and profession under the direction, and with the encouragement of one, whose age is able to direct, and whose interest it is to direct well. The regularity and repose of a well ordered family, the friendly intercourse of sexes at table and in evening amusements, the conversation and reading which are necessary to enable a youth to bear his part in it, seem to offer the surest promise of health and happiness. It is however by no means certain that this would be a field large enough for the expansion of great abilities. The additional incentive of emulation must be added to the inclination and powers turned to literature, and if the universities be not the best places, they are at least the best with which we are acquainted.

It is diverting to pursue the youth of our author's imagination. He is now on a tour to the great capitals of Europe, like the bee sucking honey and nothing but honey from every thing about him. He has passed the ordeal of the Palais Royal, and is more than half seas over in his passage from Germany without intoxication. Macte novâ virtute puer!

There is one chance out of twenty, that the youth will return from the continent embellished with all the easy gaiety and gentlemanly exercises of Paris, with the soft enunciation and taste of Florence, with the, we hardly know what good of Germany. But the remaining nineteen chances are in favour of his returning with French gasco-

nade, flippancy and insincerity without its gaiety, Italian cunning without its graces, with the prolix stupidity of Germany—for that is all which could be acquired there. To this mass of absurdities and vices add a thorough contempt for his own country and connections. He would contradict his father, be ashamed of his mother's homeliness, snub his brother, pinch his sisters, and bully his friends. On the first foggy day he would sigh for the blue serene of Italy, at the first approach of a ballad singer's scream he would invoke the name of some favourite soprano, he would be eternally *au desespoir* and *tout extasié* for nothing, and with all a German's sentimentality, he would squeeze a beggar woman by the hand, hide "the tear which fain would fall," and depart without affronting her with a trifling donation. Are the following excellencies certain to be acquired by early travelling?

'It will also render men less enamoured of their own prejudices, and more merciful to the practices of others: it will without weakening a man's patriotism, extend his attachment beyond the boundaries of his own country: for then reason, and not prepossession would determine the course and measure of his affections.'

After some grave and wholesome remarks on sexual intercourse, the reader will be surprised to see our philosopher calmly laying aside in his beard and his sobriety, losing himself in the mazes of dangerous and lubricous beauty, and beginning to prance, frisk and curvet after a new manner. 'Hear the story of Charlotte,' says Mr. Ensor: we will treat the reader as a great favour with the opening of it, desiring, if he be a misogynist, to consider the matter a little more with himself; and assuring him that there must be some mistake. At any rate, if he be marble to other females, we here throw down our gauntlet, and defy him to gaze on the full-length picture of Charlotte with indifferent eyes, Or if he does, he deserves to be—but no matter. Here she is —only look at her:—

She was the sole object of her mother's pride, and the darling of her father's joy; for she alone survived of many children. As time advanced, she grew in beauty: each hour disclosed new attractions, till the woman was confessed in the maturity of every charm. In height her stature exceeded the Grecian Venus, in grace it expressed the flowing outline of Correggio; her step was bounding; her attitudes had the beauty of motion, and her flesh dimpled, as she moved, through every feature. Golden tresses played on a neck of alabaster, which swelled palpitating; the lily and carnation rivalled each other in her complexion; her teeth were white as ivory; her breath was balmy; roses were scattered on her lips, liquid

lustre dazzled in her sight, and her voice echoed through the heart with wood-toned modulation. Such was Charlotte, when Charles appeared, youthful, animated in his gestures, robust in his person, brilliant in his discourse, formed to make woman false: he was the first man that she had seen with woman's eyes; and for him she had conceived a strong affection.'

The whole story down to 'her susceptible heart was overpowered,' 'he pressed her fainting to his breast,' and further on to 'how all was delight, extacy, delirium, raptures,' &c. &c. is all in the same strain, and is a very favourable testimony to the warmth of Mr. Ensor's passions.

As for Charles, the false, perfidious Charles, he is a varlet; and we shall not be afraid to tell him so to his face, if ever we meet him in company.

Again, in prescribing early rising, the author, forgetful of the climate in which we live, becomes turbulent and rather troublesome. Of an English morning in general, he says,

'How rich and charming appears now all nature! In the east the source of light and life displays its own triumphant coming; the horizon is burnished gold; the ardent atmosphere graduates with saffron tints a vast expanse of purest æther; dews condense into clouds: thus, flying the valleys and purpling as they ascend from the earth, the illuminated summits of the loftiest hills are seen; and as the sun peers above the line which separates night from day, the landscape opens wide; the birds resume their song; the herds arise; the husbandman proceeds to labour, and carols as he goes.'

The author, from many hints to be found scattered through this volume, seems to consider his countrymen as too inattentive to the lighter graces and exercises, which are necessary to soften the austerity of manners brought on by intense thinking, or application to but one pursuit. They are exhorted therefore, if not to study, at least to cultivate a taste for painting, statuary, and music, and, with all due discrimination, the Italian school is considered as affording the best models. The great danger, which at present threatens the annihilation of elegance, taste, good breeding and literature, originates in the incapacity so prevalent among our rich men to estimate works of genius. In the golden days of Florence, the merchant was not repugnant to the scholar and the gentleman. A sound and classical education was the substratum on which future enquiries were built. The knowledge of accounts, and the habit of doing business, which are easily acquired, were deferred until the completion of a regular course of studies calculated to expand

the ideas, and to fit a man for supporting the consequence which future opulence would bestow.

Such merchants were capable of being the guardians of literature and the arts. How melancholy is the reverse, where the power of giving patronage is vested in the hands of purse proud and uneducated men! Their villas by the side of the road, their carriages, their tables, their dresses may be costly and sumptuous in the extreme. But no change in circumstances shall put off their early habits; the precious hours of youth, that short period of which most should be made, when the mind should be enlarged by ideas, and the body rendered graceful by exercises, have been passed in neglect of every thing, but accounts. It is true, an institution has been set on foot, but this will only increase the evil, by adding assurance to ignorance. It is beginning at the wrong end. After the discipline of a public school, such societies may be useful to the promotion of literature. But to begin with galvanism, electricity, and all the farrago of chemistry and philosophy, will only make confusion worse confounded. Our author, like a patriot and a gentleman, decides in preference of a public school. Nothing was ever more offensive and disgusting than the nostrums for education preached up in public news-papers, and private conversations. Every thing known before is to be exploded. Large painted boards are heard swinging on the highways announcing seminaries, in which every experiment is practised to degrade and humiliate the human faculties. Then the grammars are written by the masters: French is spoken at dinner: Italian taught, and the use of the globes on a new plan. A fine garden, in which none but the parents have liberty to walk, is another pledge of exercise and air for the pupil, who is in reality confined to some back yard with a hundred of his associates. On establishments conducted at the will of private individuals, who are to make the most of them, no firm reliance can be placed. Public institutions bear with them the authority of time and experience as guarantees to the efficiency of their plan, and are conducted by men who are not self-elected, but owe their election to the choice of others conferred on superior abilities. The learned professions surely demand more capacity and previous industry, than would fit a man for conducting a firm. And yet few persons begin to study law, physic, or divinity, until they have attained their twenty-second year. Their time has been employed in studies which are the key to all future knowledge. It has been urged as an objection to bestowing the education of gentlemen on those who are to follow the mercantile line, that after imbib-

ing notions of elegance and refinement, they will become too fastidious for the tame drudgery of the counting house. This objection would be equally, or more applicable to the young lawyer or physician, who after a course of general study is confined at that age to the monotonous grammar of a single profession. The desk of a special pleader has no such mighty allurements in itself, neither do we conceive walking the hospitals either entertaining or delicate. But the end to be answered by perseverance in these labours is for ever in view, and a few feelings are sacrificed to a happy result. At this age, and armed with such an education, the young merchant might enter on his career with all those advantages which would enable him to throw a lustre on his future fortunes. A gentleman himself in his attainment and manners (for money never made one yet), he would pay deference to superior abilities, and be the tree under whose branches the arts might safely repose.

The child is now conducted from his birth to manhood. He is all virtue and morality; the languages of the ancient and modern world are his own. The gentleman is stamped on all he says, does, or thinks. He is all vigorous and active. The mind and the body are sound. Yet we pronounce him unsafe, and placed out of the pale of happiness in this life, and without a hope of any thing beyond it. His parent

'Has pushed him into life without an oar.'

The time has long elapsed since his philosophic guardian could have said to him, 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth;' and we supposed religion to be set apart as a subject most important for a separate discussion. Expectation was first staggered in p. 54, by a caveat uttered against reading the Bible at an early age. The author talks of 'the inveterate malice of the clergy against Bolinbroke;' as if the clergy were the only body interested in the protection of religion from the attacks of visionaries; and as if they alone will feel concerned at his observations on the character of Bolinbroke.

The 'masterpiece of reasoning, the arguments that defied sophistry,' contained in Hume's chapter on miracles, have most fortunately for the happiness and innocence of the world, been completely refuted by the late Dr. Paley. We have occasionally to notice works written for the express purpose of undermining religion. In those notices, we pay no compliment to our own sagacity, in affirming, the advantage to be always on our side, little being advanced by our opponents which has not been repeatedly answered to their confusion. Their system of moral rectitude is a little unfair, for what is the source of their sublime mo-

rality? The very system which is the object of their derision. We say derision, for to argument they lay no claim. They string together all the charities of life which are to be found in the New Testament, and arrayed in this borrowed drapery, are surprised and delighted with their own comeliness. After mounting to a height unknown to the philosophers of old, who were left to their own uninspired reason, they ungratefully kick down the ladder by which they ascended. Of this number is the author under review. He is well read in ancient and modern lore. He is subtle; and, where the position into which he has thrown himself is not absolutely untenable, is obstinate and sometimes successful in its defence. But what neither the reasoning of Hume, nor the wit of Voltaire failed to accomplish, can hardly be expected to be performed by ordinary men. Indeed he appears to give up all ideas of defending tenets so unaccountable. The poison is administered in small portions here and there scattered through the work. After hinting something of a dangerous tendency, he shrinks from investigation, and changes the subject.

We shall resume our examination of this work in our next number.

(To be continued.)

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Medical Society of London, instituted in the Year* 1773. *Vol.* 6. 8*vo.* Longman. 1805.

MORE than half of this volume is filled with communications on the subject of the influenza, which was epidemic in the year 1803. We shall first notice the miscellaneous articles.

Art. 1.—*Sketch of the Similarity of ancient to modern Opinions and Practice concerning the Morbus Cardiacus. By William Falconer, M. D. F. R. S. &c.*

The only remark we have to make on this paper is that we do not think it at all established, that the *morbus cardiacus* of Aretæus and Galen, is the same disease as the *typhus minor* of Cullen, or our modern slow nervous fever. Aretæus describes the heat of the intestines to be as it were from fire; a symptom not common in typhus, and which rather assimilates the morbus cardiacus of the antients to peritoneal inflammation. The analogies therefore which Dr. Falconer fancies himself to have discovered between the modern and ancient practice, rest, in our opinion, on a very insecure foundation, and tend to little practical utility.

Art. 2.—*Case of Angina Pectoris, with a Dissection. By Samuel Black, M. D. of Newry, Ireland.*

This is the second case of *angina pectoris*, in which Dr. Black discovered the coronary arteries of the heart to be ossified. The first was communicated to the society in 1794, and published in the fourth volume of their memoirs. If to these facts, we add the dissections of similar cases by Mr. Hunter, Dr. Jenner, and Dr. Parry, we cannot doubt that the symptoms of this obscure disease are produced by organic derangement of this important organ. The case before us is very well marked, and judiciously related. It is but justice to the author to observe, that this paper was drawn up in 1796, and therefore, though its publication is posterior to that of Dr. Parry's 'Inquiry' on the same subject, Dr. Black is the first who pointed out the connection between this disease and the condition of the coronary arteries.

Art. 3.—*A Case of Hydrocephalus Internus, terminating successfully. By Mr. Edmund Pitts Gapper, Surgeon, Ewell, Surry.*

The cure, in this case, is attributed to mercurial unction.

Art. 4.—*Case of a Boy, who became of a blue Colour, some Months after Birth. By Edward Thomas, M. D. &c. St. Kitts.*

Art. 5.—*A Case of obstinate hepatic Disease. By J. C. Lettsom, M. D. &c.*

This was a case of obstinate jaundice, which after resisting the use of medicines for fourteen months, disappeared at length spontaneously. The whole hepatic system seems to have been affected. A strong fever came on previous to the solution of the disease, attended with pains almost universal, but more violent in the abdomen, with tension of the heart, deep yellowness of the skin, and dark coloured vomiting. After four days, a diarrhœa was procured, and, for the first time during the space of fourteen months, the fæces were yellow, and loaded with bile, whilst the urine and complexion were lighter. In a month more the patient was convalescent, and afterwards continued to improve. Finally he regained his former state of flesh and complexion, and follows his habitual occupations.

Art. 6—*Case of a remarkable and successful Termination of Scrotal Hernia. By James Lee, M. D. Spanish Town, Jamaica.*

In this case, from the gangrened state of the intestine it was necessary to make an artificial anus in the groin. The fæces passed through this orifice for twelve months, when

it closed up, and the patient, (a negro mason) recovered a natural passage through the rectum.

Art. 7.—*A Case of Croup, successfully treated by Emetics. By J. Smith, C. M.S. &c.*

Art. 8.—*A Case of Opisthotonos, successfully treated. By the same.*

This disease seems to have been excited by a burn on the leg, which cicatrized very quickly. Mr. S. made an incision of some depth into the part, and applied a caustic the full size of the incrustation. The successful result of this treatment seems to evince its propriety.

Art. 9.—*On the Origin of the Cow Pox. By Joseph Head Marshall, M. D. &c.*

Dr. Marshall coincides in opinion with the illustrious Jenner that the cow pox originates in the horse, and produces a striking example of the truth of this theory.

Art. 10.—*A Case of Framboesia Guineaensis, or Yaws. By J. Adams, M. D. &c.*

We decline entering into the particulars of this interesting paper, as we expect to have our attention again called to this subject by Dr. Adams' treatise on morbid poisons, the second edition of which, we understand to be on the eve of publication.

Art. 11.—*A Case of an extra-uterine Fœtus. By R. Fothergill, M.D. F.R.S.*

Art. 12.—*A Case of inverted Uterus after Parturition. By Theophilus Dyson, Surgeon, F. M. S.*

Art. 13.—*An Account of an extraordinary Mass of Disease found in the left Cavity of the Thorax. By J. Carden, Surgeon to the Worcester Infirmary, &c. F. M. S.*

This case is curious and instructive. In a man, who died with symptoms of oppression of the breast, and anasarca, the left cavity of the thorax was found to be almost filled with a fatty looking subtance, which had compressed the left lung to the size of a small hand, protruded the diaphragm of the same side into a deep pouch towards the abdomen, and had forced the apex of the heart to the right side of the thorax. The substance itself seems to have been originally an exudation of coagulable lymph.

Art. 14.—*History and Dissection of a Case of intestinal Ulceration, with Remarks. By H. Field, Sec. M. S.*

The ulceration occupied a considerable portion of the lower part of the ileum, immediately above its junction with

the cæcum. This portion of intestine was externally livid and contracted, and internally studded with ulcers of various sizes, from that of a bean to above that of a half crown piece. The ulcers seemed to be of a cancerous nature. The symptoms of the disease were loss of flesh and spirits, irregularity of the bowels, nausea and indigestion. The patient never complained of pain in the diseased part, but had a constant uneasiness in the region of the stomach.

Art. 15.—*History of a peculiar morbid Appearance of the Heart. By James Hume Spry, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. F. M. S.*

The unfortunate female, the subject of this case, lived to the age of 17, under circumstances which excite our surprise, that life could be supported at all. She was always of a dark colour, which became more remarkable as she advanced in years, and at length her face and tongue became constantly blue, with other signs of an impeded circulation. It was discovered, after death, that the *foramen ovale* was pervious, and very nearly two inches in circumference, and that the communication between the pulmonary artery and the aorta had likewise remained pervious.

Art. 16.—*A Case of a Wound in the Peroneal Artery, in which the Limb was saved by removing a Portion of the Fibula. By Thomas C. Cam, Surgeon, Bath.*

Mr. Cam received the hint for this operation from a note in Mr. Gooch's Cases and Remarks in Surgery. He performed it with perfect success.

Art. 17.—*Observations on the medical Use of the White Oxyd of Bismuth. By Alex. Marcet, M. D. and Sec. M. S. one of the Physicians to Guy's Hospital.*

The oxyd of bismuth has been introduced into practice by Dr. Odier of Geneva. It is said to be serviceable in diseases of the stomach, and nervous complaints depending on an irritable state of the fibres, and particularly in pains of the stomach unconnected with organic disease. It is in these latter cases, that Dr. Marcet has found it useful, and his testimony is so favourable as to make us wish for more numerous trials. The usual dose has been five grains, mixed with fifteen of the *Pulv. e Tragacanth. Comp.* administered three times a day.

Art. 18.—*On the Use of the Bath Waters in Ischias, or the Diseases of the Hip-joint, commonly called a Hip-case. By William Falconer, M. D. F. R. S. &c.*

We have noticed this valuable paper in one of our late numbers, the author having published it in a distinct form.

Art. 19.—*Observations on the Position of Patients in the Operation for Lithotomy, with a Case. By Nathaniel Smith, M. D. &c. of Hanover, State of New Hampshire.*

Art. 20.—*Case of a great Enlargement of the Scrotum. By F. Rigby Brodbelt, M. D. &c.*

This is a very remarkable case; but we must refer our readers to the volume itself for the particulars.

Art. 21.—*Two Cases of Diabetes, with Observations on the different States of this Disease. By J. Bostock, M. D. Corresponding Member of the Society, one of the Physicians to the Liverpool Dispensary, &c.*

This is a very interesting paper, but we must content ourselves with giving the principal results of the experiments it contains. The first case related, is one of the *diabetes mellitus*. The medical history of the case contains nothing very particular, except it be that the temperature of the patient was uniformly below the standard of health, varying from 92° to 94°. The urine was examined by the same re-agents as were used by Mr. Cruickshank; and Dr. Bostock confirms his observation, that the different salts exist in diabetic urine, nearly in the same proportion as in the healthy state of the fluid, but that they amount to only 4th of the absolute quantity. Still from the increased quantity of the urine, in this instance, twice as much of the saline substances was evacuated daily as in health. Mr. Cruickshank seems to have thought, that the extract obtained from diabetic urine, was entirely composed of saccharine matter, and the same opinion is still more decidedly supported by M. M. Nicholas and Guaudeville. But Dr. B. by treating this extract with nitric acid, produced not only oxalic acid, but a portion of flat lamellated scales, which had the properties of nitrate of urée; and he has calculated that the quantity of this matter discharged, is also nearly twice as much as in health. Whether this substance is to be constantly found in these circumstances or not, must be left to the decision of future experiments. The other peculiarities in this patient's urine were, 1st, that the extractive discharge in 24 hours was about 22 times the usual quantity; 2dly, the water evacuated during the same period, was about 6 times the quantity in health; and, 3dly, about 30 ounces of saccharine matter were discharged daily.

The second case is one of *diabetes insipidus*, and the experiments made on the urine are confessedly few and imperfect. The results obtained from them are, that this urine

yielded but $\frac{1}{50}$th of its weight of solid matter, whereas healthy urine yields about $\frac{1}{30}$th; half this extract was phosphate of lime; but the urée, which is commonly $\frac{9}{10}$ths of the whole, here amounted only to $\frac{1}{10}$th; the phosphates of soda and ammoniac were abundant; the gelatine in the usual proportion; but no muriate of soda could be found; sugar was detected, but its quantity was extremely minute.

Three or four other miscellaneous articles are to be found at the end of the volume. Mr. Copland's account of the lithontriptic power of the muriatic acid is the most important. He has used this acid in doses of fifty or sixty drops in calculous cases, with very beneficial effects. The president of the society, Dr. J. Sims, has advanced an hypothesis, that cow-pox was originally the small-pox inoculated on the udder of the cow. This would not be improbable, were not its origin in the heel of the horse rendered every day more likely by new observations.

All the intermediate part of the volume is formed of communications on the influenza. The society would have done well to suppress the greater part of them, and to give a short and digested account of the result of their inquiries. Half the bulk of the volume would have been saved without any diminution of its intrinsic value. The symptoms of the disease were, upon the whole, very uniform. It was a catarrhal fever, sometimes ushered in with pretty strong symptoms of inflammation, but, like the scarlatina, not admitting of much evacuation. It came to its acme in three or four days, but left much languor and debility behind it for a considerable time. It travelled, upon the whole, from south to north, and seems to have visited every part of the kingdom successively. Whether it was contagious or not, has been much disputed, and if we were to put it to the vote, the question would be decided in the negative by a large majority. But the truth, we believe, as has happened on questions of still more importance, will be found to be with the minority.

'A gentleman of this town, (says Dr. Bardsley of Manchester) returned from London, in the third week of May, while labouring under influenza. He found his family all well; and unconscious of the infectious nature of his complaint, he bestowed the usual caresses upon his children. Three of them sickened the next day, and two more on that following.'

A single fact of this kind outweighs all the arguments adduced on the opposite side; arguments which amount to no more than that many escaped, and most did not know how they received the disease. Such arguments might be brought to prove the small-pox itself not to be a contagious

disease. The first appearance of influenza, at its last visitation in 1803, was in January; it was at its height in March and April, and in June it had finished its career.

Our readers will perceive that this volume contains some very good memoirs, but the number of idle communications on the influenza (very fit to be sent to the society, but very unfit to be given to the public) greatly diminishes its value.

ART. IV.—*Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Priestley, to the Year 1795, written by Himself: with a Continuation to the Time of his Decease, by his Son, Joseph Priestley; and Observations on his Writings, by Thomas Cooper, Resident Judge of the 4th District of Pennsylvania, and the Rev. William Christie.* London. Johnson. 1806.

THE biography of some eminent men, like the history of a nation, requires that a considerable period should have elapsed between the date of the events related, and the time at which they become the objects of the biographer's labours; for it is time alone that can remove prejudice, and cool the warmth of party spirit. It is only from the calm enquiries of a disinterested individual, who was perhaps unknown to the subject of the memoirs, that we can hope to receive an impartial statement of his merits and of his character. There are, however, it is readily admitted, many valuable advantages arising from a personal and intimate acquaintance with the individual whose life we detail, which serve perhaps to overbalance the difficulties and inconveniences to which we have already adverted: for an intimacy with the individual ought to furnish a perfect knowledge of the varied occurrences of his life, and to enrich our work with interesting views of character, and with a fund of anecdotes, which, if judiciously managed, never fail to impart a charm to the biography even of a man of inferior celebrity. The work before us, we must frankly confess, seems to claim our favour on neither of these grounds. Although the feelings of our countrymen are now comparatively calm on the subject of Dr. Priestley, yet they are still sufficiently alive to former impressions to be again called forth in all their violence by the intemperate discussions of Mr. Cooper, who has presented in an appendix, an account of the philosopher's writings. The memoirs themselves, on the other hand, contain little more than a plain statement of the successive events of Dr. Priestley's life, which is occasionally though rarely relieved by remarks on his character and habits. By much the greater part of the narrative is executed by himself; he

carries it on from the period of his birth till his retirement to America; leaving the completion of the task to his son, who relates in a very plain and unaffected manner, the subsequent occurrences of his life.

The early part of these memoirs is conducted with the most scrupulous, and unnecessary minuteness. We are informed by Dr. Priestley, that his mother was singularly pious, and that before her death, she dreamed she was in heaven, whereupon, like a good christian, she expressed a most ardent desire to reach that delightful residence. This worthy personage also took an early opportunity of teaching young Joseph the distinction of property, by sending him back to his uncle's with a pin which he had picked up from the floor, without thinking to whom it might belong. His parents were persons in indifferent circumstances, and in an inferior rank of life. His aunt, to whose care he was committed while yet very young, impressed with pious feelings, and soon perceiving in him a studious turn, cherished it by every means in her power, and directed his thoughts at a very early period to the dissenting ministry. The education of Dr. P. among the dissenters, imbued him with a strong tendency to calvinism and the methodistical notions of grace and a new birth. With the severer study of these doctrines, which, he acknowledges, more than once induced a very desponding state of mind, the young Priestley began to mingle acquirements in the learned languages, and in mathematics, metaphysics, and natural philosophy. The regularity and strictness of the devotional exercises of his aunt's family are carefully minuted, and the effect they produced on the young mind, which was afterwards to burst forth into such a latitude of religious freethinking, is sufficiently remarkable. He informs us, that at this period he entertained an insuperable aversion to all such productions as plays and romances; and even tore one of these profane books from his brother who was eagerly engaged in its perusal. After receiving the instructions of various masters, our author was sent to Dr. Doddridge's academy at Daventry, where he began to examine various parts of the church doctrines, and to discuss them with his fellow students. Research begot doubts, and doubts ended in disbelief; so that after some time 'he saw reason to adopt the heterodox side of almost every question;' but the extreme of his heresy was Arianism, and he still continued to entertain a qualified belief in the doctrine of atonement.

From the academy, he removed to a small village in Suffolk, as minister to a dissenting congregation. Here he prosecuted his theological studies, and produced several

smaller works; at the same time making considerable progress in freethinking on religious subjects.

'While in this retired situation,' he observes, 'I had in consequence of much pains and thought, become persuaded of the falsity of the doctrine of atonement, of the inspiration of the authors of the books of scripture as writers, and of all idea of supernatural influence, except for the purpose of miracles. But I was still an arian, having never turned my attention to the socinian doctrine, and contenting myself with seeing the absurdity of the Trinitarian system.' (p. 35.)

Most unluckily, however, for the preacher, his congregation had not imbibed the same spirit of *liberality*, but, discontented with his instructions, they deserted him, and repaired to a more orthodox pastor. In these circumstances, he gladly closed with a proposal to undertake the management of a congregation in Cheshire; and here his situation was considerably improved, for in addition to his clerical employment, he opened a school, which enabled him to support himself in ease, and to purchase a few books and philosophical instruments.

An opportunity now offered of becoming one of the tutors of the academy at Warrington, which Dr. Priestley readily accepted, as it permitted a more extended and liberal scope of study, and required, at the same time, infinitely less labour than the situation which he was about to relinquish. On becoming a member of this institution, he was at first employed in giving instructions in the languages; to these he soon added lectures on the theory of language, and on belles lettres, together with a course on the subject of history and government. The lectures on belles lettres, and on history and general policy, were afterwards prepared for the press, and given to the world. It was here also that he completed and published his chart of biography, which has been so universally admired for the ingenuity of its plan, and its utility to the student. During his continuance at Warrington, he introduced public exercises both in English and Latin; and with a view to habituate his pupils to easy and correct composition, he accustomed them to write verses upon a variety of miscellaneous subjects. He has informed us, that he himself in his earlier days, was a great versifier, although he never aspired to the character of a poet: but to compensate for this want of success in the exertions of his own muse, he tells us that it was a sight of his verses, which first turned the attention of Mrs. Barbauld to poetry; 'so that this country,' he observes, 'is in some measure indebted to me for one of the

best poets of which it can boast.' We thank the doctor for thus drawing forth the latent spark of this lady's genius, but we cannot subscribe to the compliment which would class her among the best of our poets.

Dr. Priestley, from time to time, undertook different departments in the system of education at Warrington. Logic and Hebrew he relinquished for civil law; and during one season he lectured on anatomy. This versatility of occupation, however agreeable to the teacher, presages but little depth of enquiry, or success in investigation: but we are more astonished to find, that amid these multiplied changes, he should have retained the office of teaching elocution, a situation for which he was peculiarly disqualified by an impediment in his speech, which, we are told, had more than once nearly put an end to his exertions in the pulpit. How he succeeded we are not informed, but his first lessons must have been somewhat ludicrous; and it is singular if his pupils did not irresistibly acquire some portion of their master's peculiar mode of delivery.

In spite of the numerous avocations of his duties in the academy, Dr. Priestley found time for the compilation of his History of Electricity, a work which has always held a high rank both with popular and philosophical readers: and it is still more remarkable that he should have completed this publication, within a year from the time that he presented his sketch of the plan to Dr. Franklin.

Some time previous to this, the university of Edinburgh had conferred on him the degree of doctor of laws; and his History of Electricity, assisted by the recommendation of his philosophical friends, Dr. Franklin, Dr. Watson the physician, Mr. Cauton, and Dr. Price, procured him admission into the Royal Society.

The differences which took place among the supporters of the academy at Warrington, and the very inadequate emoluments of Dr. Priestley's situation, induced him to remove to Leeds, where he again took upon himself the charge of a dissenting congregation. His duties as a minister now recalled his attention more particularly to theological pursuits: he carried his enquiries still farther than he had yet ventured, and at length became a firm convert to the Socinian doctrine. During his residence at Leeds, he commenced his repository, and published several controversial pamphlets on theological and political subjects: and here it was, that his attention was first attracted to the history and doctrine of airs, which in the end conferred on him his greatest celebrity, and formed, it may be truly said, a new era in chemistry. The circumstances which led Dr. Priestley

to this investigation, are rendered peculiarly interesting by the result of his researches, and they testify, in a very strong manner, that remarkable talent for philosophical observations which enabled him to draw from the most common appearances, important and extensive conclusions. The works of his friend Dr. Franklin exhibit a similar cast of mind, and in a still higher degree; for although the education and opportunities of this distinguished character were less favourable to the developement of the principle in question, yet he manifested a readiness in perceiving the connection of events, which exalted him at once into a philosopher, independently of those aids to which most men are indebted for their eminence.

'To the doctrine of air,' says our author, 'I was led in consequence of inhabiting a house adjoining to a public brewery, where I at first amused myself with making experiments on the fixed air, which I found ready made in the process of fermentation. When I removed from that house, I was under the necessity of making the fixed air for myself; and one experiment leading to another, as I have distinctly and faithfully noted in my various publications on the subject, I, by degrees, contrived a convenient apparatus for the purpose, but of the cheapest kind.

'When I began these experiments, I knew very little of chemistry, and had, in a manner, no idea on the subject, before I attended a course of chemical lectures, delivered in the academy at Warrington by Dr. Turner of Liverpool. But, I have often thought, that upon the whole, this circumstance was no disadvantage to me, as in this situation I was led to devise an apparatus and processes of my own, adapted to my peculiar views. Whereas, if I had been previously accustomed to the usual chemical processes, I should not have so easily thought of any other; and without new modes of operation, I should hardly have discovered any thing materially new.

The only person in Leeds, who gave much attention to my experiments, was Mr. Hey, a surgeon. He was a zealous methodist, and wrote answers to some of my theological tracts; but we always conversed with the greatest freedom on philosophical subjects, without mentioning any thing relating to theology. When I left Leeds, he begged of me my earthen trough in which I had made all my experiments while I was there. It was such an one as is there commonly used for washing linen.' P. 64.

We heartily concur in the opinion, which Mr. Cooper has expressed in a note on the passage just quoted: he remarks, with great truth, that the economical simplicity of Dr. Priestley's apparatus gratifies us by the facility with which he obtained his results, although it wants, indeed, that shew of science, which more complicated instruments necessarily possess. But, while we praise the simplicity of

his processes, it is only with reference to the state in which chemistry then existed: much was yet unknown, and a vast multitude of phenomena were yet to be detected by the sagacity of the philosopher, who could watch nature in those operations which had hitherto eluded the most vigilant enquiry. The road was open, and the field offered a rich harvest to the sickle of the first reaper: it was the talent of observation more than the dexterity of experimenting, or the minute accuracy of instruments, which was here required. But the doctrine of the gases being once known, a new series of experiments was to be instituted, and the mode of their production, and the numerous qualities which they possessed were to be carefully examined in detail. Dr. Priestley, however, regardless of the change thus induced by the success of his own exertions, seemed to have conceived that the science still admitted of the same simplicity in experimental operations; and the consequence was, that while the philosophers of England and France carried on the improvement of chemical knowledge with a rapidity which no other science has ever experienced, this ingenious man, whom we may safely stile one of the principal movers of the great and important revolution in chemistry, continued still to entertain doubts as to the formation of water, and to defend with ardour the deserted doctrine of phlogiston. His speculations on the production of air from water, which to the last engaged his attention, were, without doubt, supported by numerous experiments: but we have every reason to believe, that the singular results of these originated in mistake or in the imperfection of instruments, which an imitation of the accuracy of the French chemists would have speedily taught him to discover. In the last work of Dr. Priestley in defence of phlogiston, he has adduced a numerous body of facts and experiments, some of which are altogether inconsistent with the concurring testimony of other chemists, while others may with little difficulty be reconciled with the great principles of the theory of Lavoisier. Mr. Cooper, who has undertaken with equal boldness the defence of Dr. Priestley's tenets in chemistry, as in metaphysics, has collected his arguments in favour of phlogiston, and presented them at one view in the appendix. But he seems to have limited his enquiries to the work which he wishes to defend, without deigning to consult the labours of contemporary chemists. He asks with inimitable gravity a multitude of questions which he conceives sap the foundations of the modern theory. To shew our readers the range of Mr. C.'s knowledge of chemistry, we shall indulge them with a few of his most important queries.

What, says he, becomes of the oxygen from the decomposed water in the solution of metals in acids? Why is water produced by the combustion of inflammable air with .47 oxygen, and nitrous acid when .51 of oxygen is employed? Why does red hot charcoal, when slowly supplied with steam, furnish *inflammable air only*, and not fixed or carbonic acid air? Why is the residuum of red lead, when *all* its oxygen is driven off by heat, either massicot or glass of lead according to the degree of heat, and not lead in its metalline state? We shall not occupy ourselves in replying to these sagacious enquiries, except by referring the learned judge to some of those elementary works, which are in the hands of every one: and if the mass of evidence which these contain, shall not produce a conviction of his mistakes, we must leave him, the undismayed and inflexible assertor of a doctrine which we believe has now scarcely another adherent.

To say that the theory of the modern chemists is in every part perfect, and can explain, without difficulty, every phenomenon which their researches have detected, is to exalt it beyond its due rank, and to endow it with qualities which its wisest admirers acknowledge that it does not possess. But, the anomalous facts with which it may appear difficult to reconcile it, are very few in number, and are readily explicable by the aid of hypothesis; while phlogiston, on the other hand, is a being altogether fictitious, which stands directly opposed to the common laws of nature, and the acknowledged facts of chemistry. The ingenuity which gave rise to its invention, and the influence of this imaginary principle in communicating form and system to the chemical knowledge of that day, are still deserving of our admiration: but the improvements of modern times have rendered it no longer necessary; and have substituted in its place a doctrine which rests on established facts, and on the most beautiful discoveries of which any science can boast.

The composition of water is a subject upon which chemists have been so long universally agreed, that we know not how to explain the obstinacy of Dr. Priestley in distrusting its reality. We cannot suppose that the results which he from time to time published, in contradiction of the discovery of Cavendish, were not dictated by the most sincere love of truth; but it is probable that the nature of his apparatus, and the simplicity of his mode of operating, introduced that inaccuracy, which occasioned results so totally different from those of every other chemist. Here, also, his faithful commentator, the Judge, follows the footsteps of his celebrated friend: after weeping over the fallen phlogis-

ton in the desponding words of the exiled warrior, *Si Pergama dextra Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent*, he again musters courage, and returns to the attack with all his expiring vigour.

'When the operose experiment of the French chemists on the formation of water shall have been sufficiently repeated and verified by other experiments to the same point, less complex, less tedious, less expensive, and easy to be repeated; when the water thus supposed to be formed is sufficiently distinguished from the water absolutely necessary to the generation of all airs, and attendant upon them both in a state of mixture and combination; and when the difficulties enumerated a few pages back, as attendant on the modern theory, shall be explained on the new system as well as on that of Stahl, then, and not until then, will it be time to lament Dr. Priestley's unfortunate attachment to the doctrine of phlogiston.' P. 277.

We are at a loss to discover what are the *experimenta crucis* which the Judge would devise for the establishment of the point in contest; nor can we conceive any thing more decisive, than the repeated composition and decomposition of water, by chemists in every quarter of Europe. This beautiful discovery has alone opened new and important views in almost every branch of natural knowledge; and if we are to admit an assertion merely for the valuable purposes which it may serve in the explanation of the phenomena, not phlogiston itself, that boasted key to the arcana of nature, has an equally valid claim to our indulgence and belief.

The success which had attended the publication of the History of Electricity, induced Dr. Priestley to conceive the idea of writing histories of all the branches of experimental philosophy: and with this view he began to arrange materials and institute experiments on vision, light and colours, which he soon after published under the title of the History of Discoveries relating to these several subjects. However magnificent such a plan may at first sight appear, it is one which supposes a depth and range of talent which is rarely met with; nor can we believe, that any solid advantage will ever accrue to science from the attempt of any single individual to accomplish it. The failure of Dr. Priestley in the work we have just mentioned, serves to furnish some evidence to the truth of our opinion; for few men appear to have possessed a more manageable and versatile mind, or a greater facility of invention in experimental enquiries. The history of discoveries relating to vision, light, and colours, has never been a popular book with superficial readers, and it is but little calculated to attract the attention of those who carry their researches scientifically into this department of knowledge.

The connection which our philosopher formed about this period with the Earl of Shelburne, proved to him an event of considerable importance: he was now enabled to support his family in ease and comfort, which before had been a matter of no small difficulty; and he enjoyed at the same time access to a very extensive and valuable library, with leisure and convenience for the prosecution of his enquiries. He was recommended to Lord Shelburne by Dr. Price as a literary companion, and during his stay with this nobleman he acted as librarian, arranging and forming catalogues of his books and manuscripts.

'My office,' says he, 'was nominally that of *librarian*, but I had little employment as such, besides arranging his books, taking a catalogue of them and of his manuscripts, which were numerous, and making an index to his collection of private papers. In fact I was with him as a friend, and the second year made with him the tour of Flanders, Holland, and Germany, as far as Strasburgh; and after spending a month at Paris returned to England. This was in the year 1774.' P. 72.

The novelty of the scenes which this tour presented, and the numerous characters high in the political and literary world to whose acquaintance he was introduced, seem to have rendered it a source of much pleasure and gratification: and he has described, in a brief but lively manner, the agreeable sensations which the sight of new customs and countries awakened in his mind. The great prevalence of infidelity among the philosophers of the continent, as well as among the visitors of Lord Shelburne, very strongly attracted the attention of Dr. Priestley; and perceiving, as he did, the weakness and sophistry of their arguments, he determined to take advantage of the knowledge which he had thus acquired of the prevailing ideas and favourite opinions of infidels, and accordingly published his *Letters to a philosophical Unbeliever*.

During his residence with Lord Shelburne, he also gave to the world his first volumes on the subject of fire, as well as several other works on metaphysical and theological subjects. And in spite of the suggestions of this nobleman's friends, Dr. P. committed to the press his *Disquisitions on Matter and Spirit*, communicating, at the same time, his ideas on socinianism and necessity. To discuss the merits of this publication, is at present altogether foreign to our purpose: but we may remark in general that it is obviously calculated to establish a system of doctrines, fundamentally different from the catholic tenets of the church, and which lead by by steps the most insidious to total infidelity. It has been

truly observed, that the obloquy which was so industriously thrown upon Dr. Priestley by persons of very different persuasions, would have been infinitely less, had he at once declared himself a complete unbeliever. But although it may appear a singular proof of bigoted illiberality, to regard with horror the philosophical enquirer who rejects, after calm deliberation, a part of the church doctrines, while the perfect deist excites only feelings of comparative indifference; yet it is obvious upon a little reflection that the real interests of the church are more deeply injured by the gradual attack of one point of faith after another, under the professed character of a genuine and devout Christian, than by an open and unqualified attempt to prove that its tenets are at once groundless and absurd. For this gradual examination of the doctrines of religion, proceeding step by step to subvert one opinion after another, has in it that air of philosophy and truth which is peculiarly calculated to seize the attention of enquiring minds, and to draw them into a labyrinth of doubts from which they may find it difficult to escape. Thus many who would have revolted at the first appearance of disbelief, received without suspicion the various ideas which were started by Dr. Priestley upon disputed points of doctrine, and insensibly led on, found themselves, before they were aware, upon the confines of infidelity: persuaded of the truth of the arguments which had carried them thither, they hesitated to turn back, and either remained in this situation, or proceeded on to the end of their journey, relinquishing the whole system of their original faith. We would not, however, by any means be understood to say, that the researches of Dr. Priestley into subjects of theology were inspired by any other motives than those of the most genuine love of truth; nor would we commit ourselves by asserting that those speculative opinions which have occasioned so much opposition, are all of them incompatible with a sincere conviction of the important truths of christianity.

Our author, after residing with Lord Shelburne for some years, began to perceive a manifest coldness in his behaviour, which gradually increased, and at last a proposal was made by his lordship to provide for Dr. Priestley in Ireland: the offer however was rejected, and the connection dissolved on the terms of the original contract, by which Dr. P. was allowed an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds. Indeed, this was an event which might have been foreseen, considering the wide difference of situation and habits which existed between those two men. It has seldom happened, that a man of letters, entertained and supported by a person

of wealth and rank, has preserved uninterrupted for a length of time, that intimacy and friendship which existed at the commencement of the connection; for the former, feeling the full value of his talents, and affecting to despise the treasures of riches, and the splendours of hereditary rank, is apt to conceive that his patron is honoured by the participation of his friendship; while the latter, impressed with very different ideas, piques himself on the protection which he affords to genius from the evils of indigence and depression, and probably carries himself towards his dependent with little attention to the feelings or delicacy of one, whose mental superiority he acknowledges and respects. Dr. Priestley, however, has borne ample testimony to the polite and liberal conduct of Lord Shelburne.

'The greatest part of the time that I spent with Lord S. I passed with much satisfaction, his lordship always behaving to me with uniform politeness, and his guests with respect. But about two years before I left him, I perceived evident marks of dissatisfaction, though I never understood the cause of it; and until that time he had been even lavish on all occasions in expressing his satisfaction in my society, to our common friends. When I left him, I asked whether he had any fault to find with my conduct, and he said *none*.

'———He told Dr. Price that he wished our separation to be amicable, and I assured him that nothing should be wanting on my part to make it truly so. Accordingly, I expected that he would receive my visits, when I should be occasionally in London, but he declined them.' (P. 86.)

We would have sought for the cause of the dissolution of this connection in the several publications of Dr. Priestley, which proved so obnoxious to the members of the church; but a subsequent occurrence, which Dr. P. relates, renders this opinion altogether inadmissible, and reduces us to the necessity of supposing that his lordship was actually tired of the doctor, and wished to relieve himself of the burden by dispatching him to Ireland for a few years, when he might again become an agreeable companion.

'When I had been some years settled at Birmingham, he sent an especial messenger, and common friend, to engage me again in his service, having, as that friend assured me, a deep sense of the loss of Lord Ashburton (Mr. Dunning) by death, and of colonel Barré by his becoming almost blind, and his want of some able and faithful friend, such as he had experienced in me; with other expressions more flattering than those. I did not chuse, however, on any consideration, to leave the very eligible situation in which I now am, but expressed my readiness to do him any service in my power. His lordship's enemies have insinuated that

he was not punctual in the payment of my annuity; but the contrary is true: hitherto nothing could have been more punctual, and I have no reason to suppose that it will ever be otherwise.' P. 87.

After the connection between Dr. Priestley and Lord Shelburne was dissolved, he removed to Birmingham, and returned to the performance of his duties as a minister; prosecuting with increased spirit his enquiries into the subjects of theology and chemistry. In this situation he enjoyed the acquaintance of a numerous society of well informed and ingenious men, and experienced at the same time every proof of liberality and candour in regard to matters of religion. Here he had hoped to spend the remainder of his days, and to find, as he expresses it, a grave in the land that gave him birth. But the unfortunate violence of party spirit, and the subsequent outrages which took place at Birmingham, ruined at once all his hopes, and drove him from his residence. To suppose, as some have done, that the administration of that day was accessary to this disgraceful riot, is totally inadmissible; but there was a spirit in the country sufficiently inclined to these violent proceedings, and men in a superior rank of life were not wanting to instigate and direct the otherwise doubtful and inefficient exertions of the mob. How far it was politic to pardon any of the rioters, may admit of much question, more particularly if we consider that the popular opinion ran strongly in their favour, and that the jury was manifestly inclined to acquit them. The intolerance under which the dissenters suffered, ought to have been repressed with severity, and their persons and property rendered inviolable for the future by the inflexible execution of justice.

From Birmingham, Dr. Priestley withdrew to Hackney, where he again renewed his former studies; but attacked on every side by the unceasing clamour of popular abuse, and even entertaining fears for his personal safety, which were excited by anonymous letters, hints, and private reports, he determined to leave his distresses and difficulties behind him, and repair to America, the asylum of freedom, and the receiver of the outcasts of every nation in Europe. The address to the public, which forms the preface to his fast sermon in 1794, contains his motives for this removal: there is however a want of dignity in this address which his friends must have earnestly deplored; it was enough to have stated his situation in general terms, without descending to the unworthy task of detailing all the scandalous stories which were carried to him, or the despicable threats of his concealed enemies.

Dr. Priestley's narrative of his life is resumed by him after his arrival in America, and brought as far as March 1795. The remaining part of the memoirs is composed by his son Joseph, who details with great plainness the few additional occurrences of a life that was now verging to its close. A very large part of this continuation consists of an extract from Dr. P.'s address, explaining the circumstances which induced him to withdraw from England; and his son has taken great pains to convince us, that the philosopher was cordially received by the Americans, and had to struggle with none of those prejudices which rendered his stay in Britain so peculiarly uncomfortable. An offer of the chair of chemistry in the university of Pennsylvania, was made to him not long after his arrival, and, at a subsequent period, a very strong interest was exerted to place him in the situation of principal of this institution; but he declined accepting of either of those offices, and retired to Northumberland, a remote town in the upper part of the state already mentioned. During a residence at Philadelphia, Dr. Priestley delivered a series of discourses on the evidences of revelation, which, we are informed, were attended by many members of congress and officers of government: nay his son would lead us to believe, that these sermons had operated a conversion of many unbelievers, who had never before attended to the truths of christianity. The effect, however, appears to have been abundantly transient, for a similar set of discourses in the succeeding year were so thinly attended that Dr. Priestley relinquished altogether his intention of continuing them. While the political differences in America ran high between the Federalists and the party of Mr. Jefferson, the share which Dr. Priestley took in the discussions then before the public, rendered him extremely obnoxious to the existing administration of that country. Several pamphlets on the subject of politics were published by him at this time, and in some of these, he endeavoured to defend his character and opinions from the misrepresentations which he conceived they had suffered. From these circumstances therefore, in spite of the laboured exertions of his son, we are inclined to believe that even in the United States, where so much liberality had been expected, the same prejudices existed among a great portion of the public as had driven Dr Priestley from England.

The latter months of the life of this celebrated man, were spent under the pressure of a distressing malady, and are described by his son with a tedious minuteness: from this general censure, however, we must except one or two passages, in which the affectionate attentions of Dr. Priestley to his family are placed in a very interesting and benevolent point of view.

He appears to have died with all the firmness and serenity of a philosopher, and a sincere Christian.

Few men, perhaps, have been regarded by the public with more opposite sentiments, than the author whose memoirs we have just considered: to a very numerous class, he was the object of the most rooted aversion; while there were some, who cherished him as their friend, and contemplated his talents with a species of veneration. During his continuance in England, very liberal subscriptions were for some time annually raised among his friends, to assist him in the prosecution of his chemical and theological studies: different artists, also, supplied him gratis, with the instruments necessary for his experimental enquiries. The same generous attention even followed him across the Atlantic; and in the retirement of Northumberland, he continued to receive pecuniary donations to a considerable amount. So warm an attachment on the part of his friends, must have arisen from something excellent and amiable in his own character. His temper, he informs us, was singularly equal and chearful: he was fond of domestic life, and often conducted his studies with his wife and children around him. His hours of relaxation, which were more numerous than his literary productions would lead us to suppose, were spent in the society of his friends, and in the games of chess, backgammon, and cards. Unlike most men of letters, Dr. Priestley added to great regularity of study a considerable diversity of pursuit: and by occupying himself only for a short time in the day with any one subject, he contrived to relieve his mind amid the pressure of business, and to execute his work with comparative ease and celerity. The rapid and successful movements of a mind like that of Dr. Priestley must ever, it is true, be viewed with wonder and admiration; but we confess ourselves of opinion, that the singular flexibility by which it was distinguished, has rarely proved conducive to the extensive advancement of real science: for the faculties that are thus easily applied and easily withdrawn, become impatient under the labour necessary for profound research, and content themselves with lightly touching an object, which a mind of more unwieldy power would not relinquish without examining to the bottom. The marks of this peculiar mental constitution, we conceive, are sufficiently apparent in the voluminous writings of the author, whose memoirs are now before us: he possessed great facility of thinking, and committed his ideas to paper with the same ease with which he thought; hence the number of his works, and the many instances in which he started new and singular opinions, which he was destined next day to

disown and confute. He might say indeed, that this proved his liberality, and his openness to conviction; but we would ask, if there existed any necessity for sending into the world every crude notion which struck his fancy, and if it was not a duty which he owed to the public, more especially on the subject of religion, to weigh well his opinions, before he endeavoured to convince others of their foundation in truth?

A very remarkable feature in the mind of Dr. Priestley, was his memory, which possessed such imperfect powers of retention, that he repeatedly discovered himself making the same experiments, and the same collection of passages from scripture, which he had previously executed and committed to writing. It is a common idea, indeed, that a powerful memory is seldom accompanied by brilliant talents; but we believe that this is the first instance which has occurred to us, at all corroborating the popular opinion. Memory is in fact the store-house from which every other faculty draws her materials: the poet resorts to it for his imagery, and the philosopher for his arguments and his illustrations. If, however, the superior strength of this faculty should induce us to neglect the cultivation of our other mental powers, and render us contented to treasure facts without arranging or comparing them, then indeed it would become truly prejudicial: but it is in this case only, that a strong and retentive memory has ever checked, in any degree, the exertions and improvement of the mind. Dr. Priestley, in speaking of the peculiarity which we have mentioned above, observes with great truth, that it must have tended in a remarkable degree to facilitate the formation of new trains of ideas, and consequently to heighten and extend his powers of invention. Such inventive talents, however, are comparatively of little value: for while we are unable to call up at once the numerous bearings and connections of a subject, our opinions, though ingenious, must be continually varying and contradictory, and our views partial and often erroneous.

Mr. Priestley has presented us with an amusing picture of the regularity of his father's studies, and the relaxation with which he blended them.

'His chemical and philosophical pursuits served as a kind of relaxation from his theological studies. His miscellaneous reading, which was at all times very extensive, comprising even novels and plays, still served to increase the variety. For many years of his life, he never spent less than two or three hours a day in games of amusement, as cards and backgammon, but particularly chess, at which he and my mother played regularly three games after dinner

and as many after supper. As his children grew up, chess was laid aside for whist or some round game at cards, which he enjoyed as much as any of the company. It is hardly necessary to state, that he never played for money, even for the most trifling sum.' (p. 185.)

'But what principally enabled him to do so much, was regularity, for it does not appear that at any period of his life, he spent more than six or eight hours per day in business that required much mental exertion. I find in the same diary, which I have quoted from above, that he laid down the following daily arrangement of time for a minister's studies: studying the scriptures one hour, practical writers half an hour, philosophy and history two hours, classics half an hour, composition one hour; in all five hours. At the time he was engaged about the most important works, and when he was not busily employed in making experiments, he always had leisure for company, of which he was fond. He never appeared hurried or behind hand. This habit of regularity extended itself to every thing that he read, and every thing he did that was susceptible of it. He never read a book without determining in his own mind when he would finish it. Had he a work to transcribe, he would fix a time for its completion. This habit increased upon him, as he grew in years, and his diary was kept upon the plan I have before described, till within a few days of his death.' (p. 188.)

The remarks of Mr. Cooper on the metaphysical writings of Dr. Priestley, exhibit neither the candour, nor the modesty of a genuine philosopher: he adheres to the system of Hartley with the same bigotted firmness which we formerly observed with regard to phlogiston, and he tells us seriously, that he conceives the motions induced in the nerves by external impressions, to be demonstrably of the vibratory kind. The writings of Dr. Reid and Dr. Beattie, are, according to him, now fallen into *merited obscurity:* so much does he know of the state of philosophy in Britain! The late venerable bishop of St. Asaph is treated by him with a degree of petulant acrimony which we can neither approve of, nor excuse; for, whatever may have been the foibles of Dr. Horsley's character, his talents and his literary reputation set him far above all such miserable attempts to vilify his memory. In the same spirit Mr. Cooper proceeds to consider religious topics, and discusses points of faith with a levity, which is neither suitable to the subject, nor by any means calculated to advance the real interests of candid enquiry. The political writings of Dr. P. have afforded to the Judge, an opportunity of exhibiting his whole treasure of republican opinions. He begins with attacking Mr. Malthus, who stands like the dragon over his golden fruit: the task of vanquishing this dreaded object, he acknowledges is far from easy; but fearless of danger, he endeavours to

set aside the main argument of his opponent, by very wisely observing, that agriculture is still capable of improvement, and that cookery has not yet arrived at its ultimate perfection. And when these arts may be supposed to be perfected, he proceeds to rid himself of his increasing population, by sending colonies to distant countries: but should this also fail, he observes:

'*Some* obstacles to the facility of marriage and *some* restrictions to the numbers of offspring, by milder means than exposure like the Chinese, or infanticide like the Lacedemonian practice, might furnish an effectual remedy, to any extent.'

Delighted with these undescribed and most probably impracticable means, which he has thus happily discovered, he concludes triumphantly,

'So that the way is not difficult to be traced, by which the bugbear of overpopulation may be counteracted by less violent and abominable remedies, than are usually applied by the tyrants of the earth.' (p. 342.)

We are ready to admit that much has already been done, and much may still be effected for the amelioration of human society; nor do we conceive that the work of Mr. Malthus by any means opposes this conclusion: the writings of that author are not intended to shew that we have already reached the summit of possible improvement, but that there are certain checks to our progress which are continually operating, and will, in the end, place an insuperable barrier to our farther advancement.

The contemplation of the American revolution exalts Mr. Cooper to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and he breaks forth in the following animated sentences:

'Well it is for mankind, and with sincere and heartfelt exultation do I write it, that such books have been composed, and such experiments have been tried; and honourable is it to the character of this country, that the grand and simple truths, on which human happiness so materially depends, were first seized on, comprehended, and put in force by the whole body of the people here, and that with a steadiness and success, that *justifies* the fondest hopes of the real friends of man. The political sophisms which despotism has forced upon the human understanding, for so many centuries, and which have kept the human race in a state of comparative ignorance and misery, are now seen through: the light of knowledge has gone forth, liable no doubt to be obscured for a time, but hereafter to be extinguished never.' (p. 356.)

The admirable mixture of poetry and prose which this

passage exhibits, and the happy adaptation of commonplace language to the elevated conceptions of the writer, challenge all criticism, and defy our utmost powers. Government, in the opinion of this precious philosopher, is as much a science of experiment as chemistry (P. 365); and the works of Paine are termed by him, with a happy absurdity of expression, classic books on the theory of government.

The labours of Mr. Christie consist in a brief and comprehensive summary of the religious faith of Dr. Priestley at the period of his death. Mr. C. informs us, that he was far from agreeing with the Doctor on many points of belief; and he has accordingly restricted himself to a plain statement of Dr. Priestley's creed without attempting either to defend or to disprove it. His stile is simple and unassuming; and from the little sample which is here presented, we confess that we feel rather prepossessed in favour of its author.

Dr. Priestley's writings are in general little remarkable for elegance or beauty of diction; but on the contrary are characterized by a peculiar ease and familiarity, which in many instances descends even to carelessness: the memoirs before us justify this observation in a very striking manner, for they are not, like many other of his works, the hurried production of a day, but written during a period of years, and apparently from the first with a view to publication. The continuation by his son and the appendix of Mr. Cooper furnish scarce an instance of neat or pleasing composition; and we could not help observing, that these gentlemen seemed anxious to proclaim their citizenship, by the adoption of several terms and phrases, which though perhaps perfectly familiar in America, are certainly never used by any well educated Englishman. Thus we have *his house cost him double the sum he had contemplated.—The prosperous state of British manufactures and commerce seems to have originated and progressed with the adoption of turnpikes and canals.* The word *educed* is used in a manner sufficiently quaint; *among the works thus educed were the following, &c.* In another passage we find the term *descendency*, which to us is altogether a stranger; but, from the context and the similarity of the letters, we were led to conjecture that it must be the American vocable for *descent*. Mr. Cooper, throughout his performance, has availed himself of his intimate acquaintance with the Roman poets, to diffuse over it a certain classical air by such expressions as these: *Ipse agmen, sat superque, pace tanti viri, limæ labor,* and a number of others equally *recherchés*, which, we have no

doubt, will impress the inhabitants of Pennsylvania with a very exalted idea of the learning of their judge.

Although the volume before us necessarily possesses a degree of interest, being in part the production of Dr. Priestley, yet we must remark, that it contains few facts of which the public were not previously in possession, and exhibits but a meagre and imperfect view of his character and writings. The events of a life so varied as his, and the voluminous productions of his pen, would form an interesting subject of biography; and it is to be hoped, that talents more adequate to the task than those of Mr. Priestley or Mr. Cooper, will at some future period be employed in handing down to posterity, the history of one who attained such celebrity as a philosopher, and bore so distinguished a part in the religious and political discussions of his time.

ART. V. *The Pastor's Daughter, with other Romances; by Augustus Von Kotzebue. 4 vols.* 12*mo.* Colburn. 1806.

IT was easy to predict, from the rapidity with which Augustus Von Kotzebue composes, that few months would elapse from his excursion to Naples to the publication of some new bagatelle. Never was author more universally read, more generally understood and enjoyed, and more uniformly decried. In France he has long been considered to have been born only for the corruption of the drama, and of travel-writing; and we have seen printed proposals in an old French paper for 'a society of the illiterate,' which was to distribute prizes and honors to graduates in the German school; the highest prize to that gentleman who should produce the best imitation of Kotzebue's style. In this country ridicule the most unwarranted and unreasonable succeeded to the equally unreasonable enthusiasm with which his works were at first received.

The attack against him and his German auxiliaries was led on with ability by the conductors of the Anti-Jacobin. A play was written filled with vulgar sentimentality, and exhibiting a glorious confusion of the unities of time and place. Now this latter charge bore rather harder upon our own dramatists, than those who were immediately assailed. The effect however was immediate. The Stranger and Lovers' Vows, plays of which no author need be ashamed, were discovered to be stupid, disgusting, and, what seems more extraordinary to those who are read in the English and other dramas, they were pronounced to be dangerous to mora-

lity. Pizarro, to assure himself of any thing like a polite reception in England, disowned his father, and became perfectly naturalized; so that not long afterwards, even at Naples, such was the passion for every thing English, he and his associates were attired in short red jackets, faced with blue after the costume of the English guards. By dint of such artifices, although the latter is incomparably the worst of Kotzebue's dramas, and met with no countenance at Vienna, it was received in London with acclamations, and cleared to the managers of Drury-lane a profit which surprized the real author, and produced on the continent no very favourable impressions of English taste.

The Stranger was again introduced. Its absurdity and immorality were forgotten during the representation. It appealed at least to the passions, and never failed to excite, what is far preferable to applause, the warmest interest and emotion in the house. The play had received its death-blow; andalthough the representation never failed to fill the theatre, and imposed silence on the clamorous gentry who sit aloft, and are seldom over-merciful to tragedy, no persons, however affected at the scenes, were hardy enough to face public censure by commending it as a good or even a tolerable performance.

The same fate attends the travels of this author. Who has not read them? But who has the heart to find any thing in them but a medley of incongruities and untruths? A laugh has been raised, but Mr. Kotzebue, at whose expence it was intended, has enjoyed it at least as well as the deriders. He set out on a journey to Petersburgh for the purpose of visiting the friends of his wife, and his two sons, officers in the Russian service. Fortune altered his route for Siberia. This would have broken many a fine genius, and reduced it to despondency; Kotzebue made a penny of this adversity, and, on his return, published his narrative to the world, which had before only heard the name of Siberia. This narrative was highly amusing from the character who was the subject of it, the place of exile, and the life of the description. The country itself, to which he was banished, could not easily be forgotten; and while the impression was strong, our author made it the scene of a tragedy, (Count Beniowsky) which, if it contain no passages remarkable for greatness of conception,or originality, has at least scenes of great interest. The plot is well forwarded throughout by every little incident; and its intricacy and bustle would adapt it admirably to the English stage.

His tours to Paris and Naples were every where read, and abused; we ourselves are far from being among their ad-

mirers, although, it must be confessed that his description is equally correct, and far superior in spirit to any journals of our own countrymen, during the short armistice which took place. But Mr. Kotzebue should not have interfered with the arts: he should have distrusted his own temper, which is too sanguine and vehement to conform with technical rules, or to admire technical beauties. He is every where at variance on this subject with established opinion, and instead of falling in with prevailing tastes and prejudices, he is only irritated into strong language by their opposition to his own.

There are doubtless great defects in his style, but these are again magnified into monstrous deformities by the inadequacy of his translators to the task which they have undertaken. Some of the pictures with which he presents his reader are exquisite; and like every thing exquisite, lose their whole effect by a gross transfusion into a foreign language. His descriptions of the Tyrol, and of the Pomptine marshes, as we remarked at the time, are unrivalled by any modern travellers.

All these works are at the service of the world; read, and almost devoured at their first appearance, without any return of gratitude for the pleasure or information which they afforded.

Their author however, little solicitous about the 'empty praise,' and perfectly contented with the 'solid pudding' and secret pleasure which he gains from writing, perseveres in his course,

> Full of disport, still laughing loosely light,
> No measure in his mood.

He now appears before us as a writer of novels, and romantic tales. In farce, comedy, tragedy, he aims at stimulating his pliant readers to broad grins, smiles and tears.

The first tale, which, were it not for the translator, is well-told, has a comic title to a tragic subject. It is called 'the Masquerade.' The following are its outlines.

Lady Birkenhayn and her daughters are accosted near the high road leading from Paderborn to Lipstadt by an old and miserable stranger, who in broken German begs for a night's lodging; he is conducted by the ladies to their castle, and after some refreshment, declares himself to have been a rich nobleman of Franche Comté, reduced to beggary by the revolution. The kind treatment and condescension of the ladies inspire him with confidence; and on a further acquaintance, his address and discourse sanction the belief that he had once seen better days.

The Lord of Birkenhayn, who is represented as a gross

clownish sportsman, hardly removed by an idea above his companions, the hounds, prefers the sports of the field to consulting either for the education that would make his daughters amiable, or the amusements that might render them happy. His lady, on whom this task devolves, offers an asylum in the castle to Philibert, (for that is the name of the aged wanderer); and, to give delicacy to the proposal, suggests that the obligation shall be cancelled by his taking on himself the task of educating the daughters of his benefactress. From this time it becomes his study and pleasure to improve his fair pupils, and put them on their guard against the snares of the world, without inspiring a disgust for it.

There was a settled melancholy in the manners of his benefactress which excited the curiosity of Philibert; this was resisted only by his respect for her. She loved to be alone, and passed much of her time in a library stored with the best French books.

It was besides customary with her to retire on every 17th of August, and devote that day to solitude. The spot, to which she retreated, was a hill, where, beneath the gloom of some tall pines, was an urn with this inscription:

'To my Philip.'

It was consecrated to the memory of a beloved child who had died in his tenth year, and the anniversary of his death was one of grief to his disconsolate mother.

A mystery hung round her story; her daughters had exacted a promise that she would disclose it on the next mournful anniversary. On that day, after some hours passed in solitude, having sent for them and their reverend tutor, she related the circumstances which gave rise to this annual solemnity.

She is a native of France: her misfortunes arose from an early and improvident marriage to a French nobleman, her first husband, whose ardour of affection quickly subsided into disgust. Yet, although he repulsed her endearments, he was unreasonably jealous of her honour. Reports of his own inconstancy had reached her ears, and she ardently desired to detect him, merely that by granting her forgiveness, she might awaken him to gratitude and feeling.

A masquerade (from which the romance takes its name) seconds her wishes. She expects her husband in the habit of a Turk; in this character, she was told, he would make his appearance. She observes a Turk talking finger language to a lady habited like a nun, whom he leaves in quest of others. She accosts him; affects to place confidence in

his professions of sincerity; accepts the offer of retiring to privacy, where she hopes to shame him out of his profligacy by withdrawing her mask. She follows her conductor to an unknown house, where, on the removal of his mask, she discovers, instead of a husband's features, those of a dissolute friend, who had been the associate through life of his irregularities.

Terrified at the caresses of the libertine, she called for assistance. Her husband, who was a nightly visitor at the same house, recognises her voice; and after bursting open the door, surprises her in the company of his friend. The appearances would be strong enough to carry conviction of her guilt to better husbands; and her simple narration of the truth is only treated by him as a well-imagined tale. In an unfeeling letter he settles on her an assignment, demands a separation, and forbids her to dishonour the child which she is going to bear him, by claiming it for her own.

She proudly returns the assignment, and flies from censure and ignominy to Holland, where she becomes the mother of a sickly boy whose ashes are covered by the urn which recalls to remembrance her country and friends. In Holland she became acquainted with the lord of Birkenhayn, and was hence the mother of Charlotte and Babet, whom she hoped to protect from all the miseries that awaited herself.

Here the emotion of old Philibert became too violent to escape notice. He embraced the urn, and was with difficulty conveyed pale and trembling from the spot. He is seized with a sudden illness. The next morning his chamber is found deserted. The mystery is unravelled in a letter which is brought by a young peasant, in which is written with a trembling hand,

'At the grave of my child death shook me. Forgive me, Adelaide! for God has taken powerful vengeance on me. In this my dying moment, the thought is a consolation to me, that I received my last morsel of bread from thy hand.

'PHILIP COUNT OF GUICHE.

'Lady Birkenhayn let fall the note, hurried out weeping into the road, and arrived breathless at the village.—Without asking, she rushed into the chamber—her eyes flew wildly about—the old man was lying in a corner on the floor—he was already dead—with a piece of chalk he had with difficulty traced out near him,

'A GRAVE NEAR MY PHILIP.'

The next tale, 'the Pastor's Daughter,' is one of those moral performances which are falsely supposed to give strength to virtue, by showing the misery attendant on vice.

The plan would be unexceptionable, if vice were arrayed in the colours which she usually wears, and were so drawn that she excited our disgust, contempt, and hatred from the general deformity of her features, instead of inspiring something of love, pity, and condolence for her sufferings.

But who can entertain hatred for the Pastor's Daughter? From infancy to her marriage with an amiable and honourable man, the contracted sphere of a village acquaintance, who venerated her father's virtues, was all her world; and in the shelter of a quiet home were centered all her pleasures and cares. When transplanted from the repose of the parsonage to the gaiety of the great city, she shrunk from the eye of admiration, and was confused instead of charmed at any attentions except those of her husband. The latter, who is only weak in vanity, hurries her into company, and receives, in exchange for the tranquillity of domestic enjoyment, the satisfaction of hearing himself styled husband to the most beautiful woman in the metropolis. The fame of her charms reaches the prince, who is represented as married to an amiable wife, whose tenderness he requites with insult and estrangement from her society. Count Smieg, a worn-out voluptuary, is the pander to his infamous master. But as this office would seldom be very profitable if it were engrossed wholly by men, his wife, worthy of such a husband, is the joint corrupter of innocents who are devoted as annual sacrifices to the passions of Prince Caius. This little *coterie* of monsters is now completed by the addition of the Countess. For whatever may be the dispositions of men, their opportunities with the sex are doubtless less frequent, and less capable of being improved, than the confidence reposed in those of the same sex, and one bad woman is in this respect more dangerous than fifty libertines of the most unbridled desires. Hence the laws of Naples punish the female; and permit the odious office to devolve wholly on the male corrupter.

Poor Charlotte, who had fulfilled through life the duties of a tender daughter and wife; who as a mother is desirous of nourishing her own child; whom we are first obliged to love, is the victim marked out for destruction by this horrible junto. Meanwhile the royal criminal lives apart from the princess, whose name and character he attempts to blight, by making them subservient to the vilest purposes.

Caius is surely a being of Mr. Kotzebue's own imagination. No prince of modern times, we are well assured, can be represented by a wretch so unfeeling to the partner of his dignity, or so gross in the choice of his associates.

It would be needless to trace these monsters through all

the mazes of seduction. The husband is sent on pretence of an honourable employment, to the frontiers. The wife becomes a visitor to the countess of Smieg, who disguises her real character under the semblance of a motherly woman. The prince is here a daily visitor, and vanity, the weakness of the husband, becomes the destroyer of the wife. Their letters are intercepted; horrid suspicions of her husband's infidelity are instilled into Charlotte. Torn from all communications with the good, and assailed by all the devices of cunning, falsehood, and treachery, she is surprized into the loss of her innocence, and soon after abandoned to poverty and contempt.

The sequel is horrible; all the dramatic colouring of which the author is possessed, is here bestowed to produce an effect awful in the extreme. The sinfulness of the daughter visits the husband, mother, and all with whom she is connected.

This novel, like those of an accomplished English lady of the present day, was written evidently for the express purpose of putting virtue on its guard, by disclosing the trials to which it was exposed, and the ruin which awaited its fall. But with the very best intentions, the moralists are doing the greatest evil. If from the exposition of snares and machinations which are every where supposed to be laid in wait for beauty and innocence, the innocent and beautiful only gained a lesson (an improper one we think) which would preserve them unharmed, the good might be something, and the mischief not so virulent. But it is to be remembered, that two lessons are here to be learned, the one of defence and the other of attack; and if the good who are assailed, learn from these books the art of parrying, the assailants, who are naturally more ingenious, become yet more conversant with the modes of destroying. From books like these, they become acquainted with all the subtleties and intricacies of circumvention.

This is an evil; but this evil is by far the least. For in the first place, we conceive it highly injurious to the female or male character, to be led through the labyrinth of villanies which give interest to the plots of these romances. It has been said, very erroneously, that a young woman of chaste and good morals should be put on her guard and rendered suspicious of those who approach her; in short, that she should consider herself engaged in perpetual warfare with the other sex. We think far otherwise. We consider a female used to hear lectures, or read books which unravel the intrigues of faithless and dissolute men, no longer chaste or pure in

heart. An unsuspecting virtuous woman repels any violation of decorum from a better principle than a knowledge of the world—from her own disgust and indignation. In these matters 'tis folly to be wise.' Familiarity with vicious scenes will inevitably wear off the first horror, and gradually grow into an indifference and even into a preference for them—

> Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
> As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first admire, next pity, then embrace.

In the next place the characters of those who offend are drawn amiable to a degree which induces us to pardon the fatal transgression. Such is the character of Charlotte in the Pastor's Daughter, and such the heroines of two affecting little stories by an authoress of our own country. After such a delineation of their natural virtuous propensities, we can but pity them in their falling off—'And pity is akin to love.' In the Mother and Daughter, the frail fair is endowed with every charm of modesty and beauty. In the same tale some of the matrons are represented in odious colours. Examples of both might be found in life Many who have transgressed are not utterly lost, and might be brought back to rectitude, if timely prevented from despairing, and shielded from want and ignominy; and many matrons are to be found who transgress in heart, but in heart only: many dragons of virtue who chuckle in the miscries of the unfortunate. This we allow—but this picture is rather a caricature, which renders virtue ridiculous, and vice amiable and interesting, than a faithful delineation of general character.

It has more than ever of late years been the cry that morality was in danger, and few books have issued from the press without some profession in the preface, that "whatever may be the merit of the performance, the author flatters himself, that nothing will be found prejudicial to religion or good morals." This cant is universal, and takes much among the worthy folks who live in provincial towns.

It is remarkable that the subjects chosen for the suppression of vice, have been those most likely to irritate, pamper and inflame it into open rebellion. The press teems with affecting stories about the daughters of poor clergymen in the north, and lieutenants on half pay, abandoned to poverty, and obliged to accept the conditions of prostitution for a subsistence. The most amiable of wives (with only one failing) are seduced from the arms of their most affectionate lords, and consent

to dishonour their offspring, kindred, and friends, if we would believe these novelists, without becoming less interesting, to a good natured reader at least; whereas, if it be the wish of an author to suppress the vice, the perpetrator should be drawn bad in more respects than one.

But we object to the subject entirely. The progress of an amour unveils to the uninitiated too many scenes which should be for ever concealed; the subject itself is of a nature so warm, and so conformable with the passions of both sexes, as to admit no embellishments of rapturous expressions, and tenderness of sentiment. We wish it to be exploded altogether. A little laughing would be a good substitute for dangerous sympathy with amiable iniquity.

The 'Protecting Spirit,' to which we next come, professes to be a true narrative. Here is another instance of seduction; but as the description is dispensed with, and it forms only a trifling feature in the story, it is more harmless than the former. The 'protecting spirit' is a flag worked by a young and sprightly Creole for a youth whom she loves. The inequality in their fortunes quenches in them every hope of an union; and when he leaves the island of Hayti to make way for a wealthy rival, to whom Francisca is afterwards married, she puts into his hand at their last interview, this flag of her own embroidery as a memorial of her regard. Some time afterwards her husband M. Noyer is butchered by two English sailors, who set her, with her child and Babet her attendant, afloat in a little pinnace on the open sea. After abstinence for six days and nights, and the encounter of a storm, at a time when Francisca had resolved on death, a vessel darkens the edge of the horizon, which approaches nearer to their signals. Francisca raised her eyes and beheld the 'protecting spirit' waving over the vessel, with the amaranth (emblem of unfading memory) worked by herself in the hands of the good genius. She is married to the object of her first affection, Philip; and as this all happened in the days of Robespierre, we hope that she has lived happy ever after.

'The Subterraneous Passage' seems to have been written in our author's most easy moments. Chapter follows chapter, without plan or meaning. There is hardly any story, and indeed hardly any seems to have been intended. The story was most probably written by instalments. However, it has some few beauties which arrest the reader. The lovers of the descriptive, and those who like the sound to be an echo to the sense, will here have a banquet the most delicious imaginable—For instance—the sound of a window when

assailed by Woldemar with a handful of sand, p. 52, Vol. 3, 'Chink! chink! chink! went the window.' A dog barks to the life, p. 63. 'Bow, wow, wow.' A clock in p. 128, goes 'tick, tack, tick, tack.' Knocking at a door, 78. 'Rat, tat, tat.' In this spirit of making the sound an echo to the sense, Mr. Lewis writeth

> 'Tramp, tramp across the land they went,
> Splash, splash across the sea.'

We insert these beauties of poetry and prose from a wish to forward a project of which we have sanguine hopes, viz. the description of all animals and works by sound; by which means much labour would be saved, and the high road to understanding an author's meaning shortened by many a mile. How pretty, instead of describing a snake coiling, which is nearly as dangerous to attempt, as to meet the said snake, to write simply thus—'Hiss, hiss,' went the snake. 'Ba, ba,' went the lamb. 'Moo, moo,' went the cow. 'Rub a dub,' sounds the drum. 'Amen,' went the clerk. 'Doodle doo,' crows the cock. Now it is as clear as day, that if this mode of description were adopted, the revenues themselves might be materially bettered from the multitude of latent geniuses who would immediately start for fame, and the myriads of reams on which their fame must needs be inscribed.

The lovers of music will languish over the melodious names of the dramatis personæ. In the first place the tale is Echthonian; the mystery brought to light by Martin Liebetrant and Simon Schlaukopf, or Slyboots. The scene, Lacksmountain. Persons, Gotthard of Plettenburgh, John of Mengden, Elizabeth of Luggenhusen, Jost of Borsten, Silvester Stobwasser, Nettlethorst, Hans Von Rosen, Gurgan Orges, Schlippenbach, Munchenhoff, the Czar Wasphlewitch, Joswen Danhoff, Englebrecht of Eissenhusen, Jurgen Uexkull.

Spirits.—Hedwig the ghost of a nun who had been naughty,
Card of Acleppenback, her lover with whom she had been naughty.
Dogs.—Tollpatch, Hollerbohl.
Places.—Busch-koppel, Fregelo-koppel.

The names of the hero and heroine, Woldemar and Gertrude, are in no respect particular, and are far superior to Sam Smart, and Rachel Ramsbottom.

The 'Revenge' is beneath notice. A cobler's son by the name of Distet personates a baron for the purpose of gaining the affections of a young lady at Hamburgh, the daughter of a merchant. After gaining an ascendancy over her

heart, he acknowledges the meanness of his birth and present occupation (that of village school-master) and sets off in despair to enlist in the army. The fair Amelia has no qualms against cobler's sons, or village-schoolmasters. She recalls him. They marry, and have been, for any thing we know to the contrary, very happy ever afterwards.

'The Romantic Wife,' is a story not unpleasantly told. Louisa Von Fels was confined in all her knowledge of books to romances, and in that of men to the parson of the parish who squinted, and the clerk of the parish who had bandy legs. Her books had told her that men were to be found without either of these embellishments. The young baron de Thurn who returns from his travels, is one of these men. She is married to the young baron de Thurn; whose behaviour however is rather too cold for the warmth of Louisa's heart. In him she recognizes neither a Werter, nor Tom Jones; and although perfectly satisfied with his fidelity and goodness, she consents to live separated, and to search amid crouds of gay court butterflies, for the lover of her own imagination. The Count Lalli possesses every thing but sincerity; and Major E— is sincere without the requisites of good breeding and temper. After various experiments she bethinks herself of returning to her husband. The reunion is managed very prettily, and it is not without regret that we refrain from transcribing it.

We have to beg pardon of the translator for the seeming neglect which he may have experienced. But a writer whose cadences are so melodious, whose periods are so balanced, whose *naïveté* is so piquant, and whose language is so luminous, must not pass unnoticed. And first who is he? No name, no finger-post is set up to point him out. Our readers however exact of us a duty which we must perform; and since we cannot discover his name or profession, conjecture only remains. The following suppositions may at first sight appear vague, but they are authorized by the beauties of his style:

Although the general syntax, aided by the evidence of certain expressions, as '*suchlike*,' '*drops of sweat, &c.*' might seem to carry conviction that the translation was effected and brought about by some lady or gentleman whose province was not literature exclusively, but who devoted part of the morning and no inconsiderable part of the evening to the crying of sprats, or oysters, yet certain formalities again overrule this conjecture in favour of its being written by some young spark articled to an attorney, e. g. p. 162. 'Send my good cousins word *thereof*.' 166. 'He united the entreaty *therewith*.' 168. 'A life now commenced, which

many would have called paradisical, and the rapture *of the same*, would have *thereby* been weakly described.' 196. 'Cupid had played a trick *therewith*.' 213. 'He found visible pleasure *therein*, even excited her *thereto*.'

From his orthography we took the translator either for a man of the very first fashion, or a village-schoolmistress. Thus we have *learnt* for learned, in this '*desparing* situation,' '*kist*' for kissed, '*flys*' for flies, '*palid*' for pallid.

For his extreme courage, and spirited contempt of grammar, it struck us, that he must be an officer accustomed to face danger, and always on actual service. Who but a man of dauntless spirit would set every rule at defiance, as does our author thus, 'the nuns had *learnt* me a sort of finger language?' The husband of lady Birkenhayn enters the chamber '*for* to make her a morning visit,' and again her ladyship says with a laudable aversion from the pedantry of grammar, 'yes, sir, *I* am a Frenchwoman, who *has* taken every pains to forget her native language, &c. From the usage of compound epithets, we supposed him a native of Greece studying English; thus we are regaled with '*affection-proving* beneficence,' the poor *by-man-deserted* betrayed creature,' '*red-wept* eye,' '*mind-distracting* idea,' '*knowledge-devouring* father,' '*wept-through* nights,' '*interest-taking* benevolence,' '*oblique-hearted* opinions,' '*love-intoxicated* daughter,' '*shrub-over-grown* spot;' but what is all this to one word which we will venture to write, but which can only be read at easy stages, we mean '*ever-with-hope-deceiving* disease'!!

Poor Aristophanes! how art thou worsted at long words. The opinion that our author was a Grecian, received additional weight from the many instances of his neuters plural which rejoice in verbs singular.

From the terms '*Maiden*,' '*Damsel*,' &c. he should be a quaker.

From tropes, similitudes, and daring expressions, a rhetorician; thus he writes 'an evening breeze *loaded* by a sigh;' 'a spark still glimmered, but mildly, *like a star through a fog*;' 'the pale cheek of Philibert was *flush'd* with the *breath* of gratitude;' 'the monster vanity, like a sea *polypus*, embraced her with all its *arms*.' How beautiful the mutation of *feet* into *arms*!! 'She closed her full eyes, and the whole lost world of innocence, moved before her *in a bloody veil*.'

From performing impossible things he seemed to be a conjurer—thus he supports an adjective by an adjective, a grand secret known only to himself. By hocus pocus, he sets before us 'a *wretched imbecile*, who is able to ani-

mate this, to bridle that;' and tells us that 'the *good-natured deceived* accustom themselves to overlook every circumstance.' In vol. 3. p. 56. when Woldemar slides down the rock on parting from Gertrude's chamber, she shuts her window and retires to bed, while he goes home for the same purpose. Yet although *she* is above, *he* below, parted by rocks, walls, and a vast distance which encreases as Woldemar runs, the translator manages it so that 'when he got to the bottom, he immediately proceeded home *with* Gertrude; meanwhile Gertrude remained above, and went to bed *with* Woldemar.' —A pleasure which she could only enjoy through magic.— In another place we are told 'that Fernaw only *heard* the *silent Charlotte.*'

From the frequent use of the ellipsis, we should have thought (had we not recollected that it could not be, by reason of the death of the grammarian) that he might be Lambert Bos. The same reason for giving up this opinion, preventedus from supposing him to be Schoettgenius Leisnerus, or Bernholdius his successors and editors. But this would apply only to the ellipses of diction. His more favourite figure is an ellipsis of sense, which should prove him to be the clown of Sadler's Wells.

From the following he might be a grinder of colours. 'Not the *carmine of love*, but the *ceruse of labor* painted his cheeks.'

In short, this wonderful translator is the first writer who has opened to us the full stores of the English language, all that wildness of imagery by examples that illustrate diction, and grammar, which may be vainly desired, and as vainly attempted by others.

ART. VI.—*A Chemical Catechism for the Use of young People, with copious Notes for the Assistance of the Teacher; to which are added a Vocabulary of chemical Terms, useful Tables, and a Chapter of amusing Experiments. By S. Parkes, Manufacturing Chemist.* 8vo. 12s. Symonds. 1806.

IT will readily be admitted that, if alchemy deluded the imagination of its votaries in the middle ages, the science of modern chemistry has contributed its share to induce habits of close and accurate observation and comparison, no less than those of logic, mathematics or metaphysics. Experiments which give birth to such numerous and apparently opposite effects, must necessarily exercise the reasoning faculties in order

to find some plausible explanation, some probable relation that may exist between cause and effect. These researches indeed have led the human mind to those fountains of truth which were wholly unknown to the antients, and have disseminated more just ideas of the material world, and of the true purposes of social existence.

The object of the present treatise, as may be inferred from its title, is to initiate all those unacquainted with chemical science, into a pretty general and accurate knowledge both of the theory and practice of modern chemistry. It is prefaced by an address to parents on the propriety of teaching their children at an early age the principles of this science, a position, of which we doubt the truth, and have expressed our opinion in a former article of this number, (p. 137.) that, if pursued before the acquisition of other knowledge, it is rather prejudicial than desirable. In this address the author briefly mentions the importance and utility of chemistry to the production of food and raiment and all the necessaries of human life. It is indeed a curious truth that there is not one art or science in the encyclopedia of human skill, to which chemical knowledge is not either directly or indirectly necessary. We have therefore to congratulate the public on its rapid diffusion, which will be considerably facilitated by the excellent initiatory treatise before us.

Mr. Parkes divides his work into twelve chapters, as follows: an introductory miscellany; atmospheric air; caloric; water; earths; alkalies; acids; salts; simple combustibles; metals; oxides; combustion; and attraction, repulsion and chemical affinity. To these are added notes, which occupy nearly two-thirds of the volume, and are replete with curious and interesting facts. In variety and interest, indeed, two qualities well adapted to enlist the attention of youth, Mr. P. seems to have successfully imitated and sometimes even rivalled the celebrated author of the Botanic Garden. He is however less visionary, and always conveys more truths in fewer words. The arrangement of the subjects is rather designed to render chemical knowledge more easily acquired, than to present a systematic classification; and the reader is desired to study the catechetical part of each chapter, before he attends to the notes. The following citation, from the chapter on atmospheric air, may serve to convey some idea of the manner and spirit of this volume.

'*What is the use of the atmosphere?*—The atmosphere, which is the air we breathe, is *necessary* for the support both of animal and vegetable life.*

* "It has been ascertained by experiment that no other gaseous body

'*Is the atmosphere of use in any other respect?*—The atmospheric air is *necessary* in every instance of combustion: it ministers to several of the pleasures which we derive from our senses;* it gives buoyancy to the clouds, and enables the feathered creation to transport themselves with ease from one part of the earth to another.

'*How does the atmospheric air support life?*—By giving out its oxygen and caloric to the blood.

'*Is the caloric which is combined with the air we breathe, sufficient of itself to keep up the necessary heat of the body?*—Animal heat is preserved *entirely* by the inspiration of atmospheric air. The lungs, which imbibe the oxygen gas from the air, impart it to the blood: and the blood, in its circulation, gives out the caloric to every part of the body.†

'*How do clothes conduce to preserve the heat of the body?*—When the temperature of the atmosphere is colder than our blood, clothes‡ are necessary to prevent the sudden escape of that heat from the surface of the body,§ which the lungs have separated from the atmosphere.'

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with which we are acquainted can be substituted for atmospheric air. All the known gaseous bodies have been tried; but they all prove fatal to the animal which is made to breathe them. Water absorbs air when exposed to the action of the atmosphere, and thence becomes as fit element for the various tribes of creatures which inhabit it: and when covered with a crust of ice, cavities are formed in the ice as it freezes, by which means a communication between the external air and the subjacent water is preserved, in order to support the life of those beings which reside there. Thus it appears that the welfare and happiness of the most minute creature was not forgotten by the Creator, when the various laws of matter were established. It is to the presence of air that water is indebted for its agreeable taste. Boiling deprives it of the greater part of it; hence the insipidity of boiled water."

* "Were it not for atmospheric air, we should be unable to converse with each other; we should know nothing of sound, or of smell, or of the pleasures which arise from the variegated prospects which now surround us. It has been well remarked, that if the Deity had intended only to give us existence, and had been indifferent about our happiness or misery, all the necessary purposes of hearing might have been answered without harmony, of smell without fragrance, of vision without beauty."

† "Dr. Crawford found that blood contains a much greater quantity of absolute heat than the elementary substances of which it is composed. According to Lavoisier, a man generally consumes 32 oz. troy of oxygen gas in 24 hours, that is, the lungs separate this quantity of oxygen gas from the air which he respires in that time. The blood, in passing through the lungs to take up oxygen gas, throws off charcoal; for there is a larger portion of carbonic acid gas thrown out in every respiration than could be furnished by the atmospheric air."

‡ "Clothes keep the body warm in consequence of the air which they infold within them; atmospheric air being a non-conductor of heat. It is on this principle that double windows preserve the warmth of apartments with an equable temperature. In like manner double lids for boilers, formed so as to hold a sheet of air, are found to be very effectual for preserving the heat of the liquor with a very small portion of fuel."

§ "We clothe ourselves with wool because it is a bad conductor of heat and retards its escape from the body. The inhabitants of Russia clothe themselves in fur, because fur is still a worse conductor of heat than wool. Sheep are na-

We shall make another familiar extract from the succeeding chapter on water; but must observe, that however it may convey a satisfactory idea of the nature of the questions designed for the instruction of youth, it must leave but a very imperfect knowledge of the contents of multifarious and diverse notes, which are much too considerable for our insertion here. After explaining the different states of water, it is asked,

'*What constitutes vapour?*—Vapour is water combined with an addition of 1200 degrees of caloric.*

'*What are the properties of vapour?*—Vapour, owing to the large quantity of caloric which is combined with it, takes a gaseous form, acquires great expansive force,† and a capability of supporting enormous weights; whence it has become an useful and powerful agent for raising water from deep pits, and for other important purposes.'

The author proceeds to examine the nature and composition of water, and the means of decomposing it. The different modes of analyzing it, and the quantities of gas produced are also accurately detailed in the notes. To most readers the catechetical form may probably be little pleasing, as it wounds their pride by bringing to their recollection those forms of instruction which perhaps frequently embittered their juvenile pleasures. It must be confessed however that it is particularly impressive, and well calculated to operate on young minds. It requires indeed a much more complete knowledge of the subject, and also much greater accuracy of expression, than any other form, as without these qualifications, it is of all modes of instruction the most dangerous in propagating gross errors, from the demonstrative tone in which the answers are generally given. We readily take for true whatever is plausibly and positively asserted, without giving ourselves the trouble of investigation, or of acquiring a *rational* instead of a *traditional* conviction. This circumstance has induced many prudent persons to reject the

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tives of a temperate climate; but bears and ermine of the coldest. The provident care of the Creator is evidently conspicuous in this appointment, and discovers the same undeviating attention to the comfort of all his creatures; hence the clothing of animals in the torrid zone is hair, in the temperate zones wool, in the frigid thick fur."

* "However long we boil a fluid in an open vessel, we cannot make it in the smallest degree hotter than its boiling point. When arrived at this point the vapour absorbs the heat, and carries it off as fast as it is generated."

† "The expansive force of steam, is found by experiment to be much greater than that of gunpowder, hence probably the causes of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes."

catechetical system entirely; and when we consider that by far the greater part of all our knowledge is to us purely traditional, that is, communicated by our parents or teachers, and not the result of our own inquiries and observations, we can scarcely say that it is unreasonable.

Waving however all objections to what is merely formal, we must examine the truth of some of Mr. P.'s answers to his questions. To the interrogation, 'What is water composed of?' It is replied; 'Water is composed of two *solid* substances, united and rendered *fluid* by caloric.' This is not correct; surely the author could not mean to call oxygen and hydrogen *solid* substances, as we really know nothing of either but in combination. It would have been a less improper expression to say, that 'water is composed of two *fluid* substances united and rendered *liquid* by the intervention, perhaps by the extraction of caloric.' We indeed considered this a slight error only, till in a subsequent question it is observed,

'You have said that water is composed of two *solid* substances,* do you thence imagine that it is naturally solid? Yes; for underneath the poles water is eternally solid: it is similar to the hardest rocks, and may be formed by the chisel of the statuary like stone.'

Such language might suit the Botanic Garden, and is perhaps admissible in poetry, but cannot be tolerated in an elementary work, that professes to initiate youth in the rudiments of chemical science. But even admitting the alleged *solidity* of oxygen and hydrogen, does it follow that there are more of these substances in congealed than in fluid water? The well known levity of ice cannot establish this supposition, as it has never been supposed that ice is more peculiarly an oxyde than water, or that it imbibed either oxygen or hydrogen from the atmosphere.

Notwithstanding these and some other incorrect expressions, which the author will doubtless correct in a second edition, we cannot but allow that the work is very well adapted to answer the object in view, namely, to excite in young minds a taste for chemical science, and impress them with the necessity of an early and respectful attention to the works of nature. The chapter on metals offers as diversified and interesting a view of these bodies, and of the changes which they undergo in consequence of the action of oxygen, as we have

* In the vocabulary which concludes this catechism, the author defines oxygen gas to be "*solid* oxygen converted to a gaseous state by caloric;" we expected that the idle speculations about concrete oxygen would not have been again revived by this truly *practical* writer.

seen in any similar work. The additional notes on different chemical subjects are not only enlivened by poetical extracts and some original verses by our author, but also abound in useful practical facts and illustrations, which must be highly interesting to all classes of chemical readers. Tables of the specific gravity of carats, of the thermometrical degrees of different chemical phenomena, of affinities, of the properties of salts, and of the quantities of acids and bases which constitute neutral salts, are very properly appended to this volume. But what is the most original and the most curious, is the introduction of one hundred and fifty-four of the most singular and amusing experiments. It would be difficult to find any mode likely to stimulate curiosity more effectually than this plan. We speak this from experience, as it has actually had the effect of creating a taste for chemistry in one or two of our critical fraternity, who had never before given any part of their attention to scientific studies. Many of these experiments are equally curious and useful with the following method of gilding:

'To a solution of gold in nitro-muriatic acid, add about a fourth part of ether; shake them together, and wait till the fluids separate; the upper stratum, or ethereal gold, is then to be carefully poured off into another vessel. If any polished steel instrument or utensil be dipped into this solution, and instantly plunged into water, the surface will have acquired a coat of pure gold, being a very elegant and *economical* mode of preserving polished steel from rust.'

From the preceding extracts and observations, it will be evident that the practical chemist has furnished the British youth with a more amusing chemical miscellany than any hitherto published in our language. We wish however that the author, who has published this volume from the notes he used in educating his own children, would pay still more attention to the vocabulary, and render it somewhat more critically correct, and more simple, without attempting to embarrass the science with synonimous terms, such as *oxydizement, oxydation,* &c. which are either useless or inadmissible.

ART. VII.—*Dr. J. F. Gall's System of the Functions of the Brain, extracted from Charles Augustus Blode's Account of Dr. Gall's Lectures held on the above Subject at Dresden. Translated from the German to serve as an explanatory Attendant to Dr. Gall's figured plaster Sculls.* 12mo. 1806.

THE ancient fable that feigned a window to be placed

in the human breast, by means of which spectators might observe without a chance of deception every varying emotion, was founded on a very universal passion of the mind. To penetrate into the intentions of others, and to decypher their inmost thoughts, has long been a favourite object of the curiosity of men. The popularity of Lavater was derived from this source, and though his physiognomical attempts have tended more to the amusement of prying idleness than to any solid or useful information, the credulity or the inquisitiveness of the world is not yet exhausted. In vain has the colour, the size and the cast of the eye been measured with painful diligence, in vain have the just limits and virtuous extent of our noses been ascertained, and to no purpose has the width of our mouths, and the protuberancy or depression of our cheeks and foreheads been investigated with an accuracy more than philosophical: in spite of all these learned operations the workings of the mind and the feelings of the heart were yet veiled from every mortal eye. But what will not German diligence undertake! Though men had been foiled in their endeavours to read the only language of sincerity in the form of the features, the whole head was not yet examined. The face may be the index of temporary gusts of passion, but the scull contains the grand organ of life and of thought; and if we may not inspect the direct operations of the brain, we can at least observe their effects on the bony covering of the head. Such has been the idea of Gall, which he has prosecuted with unwearied diligence and propagated with apostolical zeal. The sensation which has been excited in Germany by this most extraordinary proposal must recommend it toour examination, and if we cannot always admit the truth of the conclusion, we can admire when it is proper the ingenuity with which a false or a doubtful proposition is supported.

It is strongly insisted in the epitome before us that it has been a great error hitherto to consider the human nerves as originating from the brain. They are rather, according to Gall, to be regarded as roots which all run to one spot, the medulla spinalis or stem; at the top of this stem is to be found the brain, 'on whose surface, like the tree on its uttermost sprigs, it bears blossoms and fruit.'

'That nature actually has pursued this road in the formation of the nerves of the brain, and that the nerves actually do originate, where hitherto they have appeared to anatomists to terminate, is proved by the gradual progress, which she has observed in the formation of the animals, from the most simple worm, that constitutes

the link between the vegetable and animal kingdom, up to the noblest of animals, man, as we are taught by comparative anatomy. In the worm we observe namely, only as many single nervous fibres as are wanted for the most simple functions of life, motion and nurture. The number and strength of these fibres encrease already in the insect, in which here and there they unite and form a little knot, which in some measure bears a resemblance to the brain. In the frog these little nerves already unite to a medulla spinalis and at the top form a stouter ramification, a brain; and so it goes on through the series of the quick creation, fishes, turtles, birds and viviparous animals up to a man, so that the mass of nerves constantly encreases more and more, and the brain is constantly augmented in the same ratio as the animal is to be of a nobler kind, or intended to stand higher on the scale of animated nature.

'The nerves therefore are formed before the medulla spinalis, and the medulla spinalis previous to the brain; hence nerves are found where there is no medulla spinalis, and in newborn infants the latter was observed to exist, whilst there was yet no appearance of the brain.'

When Dr. Gall shall have decided what meaning to attach to beginning and end, it may perhaps not prove a labour of Herculean difficulty to settle this knotty point. He lays great stress on the distinction between organic and animal life by the former of which he means that whose functions all relate the preserving and continuing of the organization in general: the latter refers to the functions of the mind and temper. The nerves to support the organic life, are asserted all to arise from the spinal marrow, but those employed for the purposes of animal life proceed from the nobler source of the brain itself. The theory of Gall requires that each nerve should originate in a peculiar place, and when the reports of former dissections have not assigned this origin in a manner satisfactory to him, he proceeds to wield the scalpit with his own hand, and never fails to discover some nervous filaments or ramifications, of which the situation corresponds to his views. We confess it would be satisfactory to hear of a confirmation of these discoveries from an unprejudiced and skilful anatomist.

We cannot follow Dr. Gall through all this part of his theory. We only mention, that according to him, the most important nerves arise first from the medulla spinalis. Many parts of the nervous system are considered as ganglions. The concretious substance of the brain is represented as serving as a common ganglion of the reverting nerves, and the skin as a general ganglion for all the nerves of the body. Immediately after this anatomical disquisition, the following statement is given of the real system of the functions of the brain:

'As a general survey of the whole system of the brain and the organs, which enable it to perform these functions, it may likely not be altogether useless, to exhibit here, in an epitome, the process of the following enquiries:

'A. Man and animals are born with certain dispositions, and inclinations, and for

'B. the exertion of them they have received certain organs, by way of innate instruments, by the means of which they may have an intercourse with the external world. These organs

'C. reside in the brain, which however must not be considered as a faculty, but merely as a material requisite of it.

'D. Nor is the brain the general organ of all the mental faculties, but merely the place of rendezvous of all the single organs, each innate disposition having an organ of its own, which is encreased in proportion to the power residing in the disposition.

'E. These organs of the innate dispositions are expressed on the surface of the brain, and form

'F. certain protuberances on the exterior osseous cover of the scull, by which,

'G. the existence of the organs may be ascertained under certain strictures. And from these observations arises

'H. the special system of the organs, or the system of the scull, as a science entirely new.'

The first of these propositions is proved by examples; and the author deems it sufficient to mention the son of the late Mozart, only 14 years of age, who is said to possess already a musical genius, fully as distinguished as his father, and the Young Roscius, whose theatrical talents astonish all England. We hope the former of these instances is less unexceptionable than the latter will be here considered. But few will deny the existence of peculiar disposition to a certain extent. We quote for the amusement of the reader, the following additional instances of prematurity, which are not perhaps generally known.

'The author begs leave to mention here two more remarkable instances, which are very little or not at all known. The one is the son of a Russian residing at Dresden, a boy of from 9 to 10 years old, who last winter astonished our fashionable public by the skilful and elegant execution of a concerto on the violin by Rode, which by the connoisseurs was deemed extremely difficult, and who the year before, consequently at an age of between 8 and 9 years, is said to have won the prize for solving a mathematical problem at the national institute at Paris. The second is related in one of the best French journals. (La Revue— formerly Decade—philosophique, littéraire et politique. No. 5. of the 30th Pluviose, (19th Febr. of T. Y.) P. 378.) It says, Bodeau, teacher at the primary school in the commonalty of Vimontier, in the department of the Orne, has made to the president of the national institute, a report on a

wonderful child of 7 years and some months old. The facts are stated and put beyond all doubt in a deed, drawn up by the commissary of superintendance of the chief place in the canton, signed by the maire, the assessors and the justice of the peace, and are in short as follows: A child of 7 years and 4 months old, born in indigence, and ignorant of both reading and writing, finds pleasure in repairing every market day to the place, where the merchants settle their accounts of sale and purchase. The boy will quietly listen to them, and when they err in the sum, set them right with a smile, and tell them; that makes so much. He thence goes among the linen traders, and as soon as he hears the number of yards at a certain price mentioned, will tell the amount and walk off to another. In this manner he will in an instant calculate any purchase, and withdraw with an arch look and heartfelt satisfaction, when he sees, that most merchants are at some trouble to verify his calculations pen in hand. The reporter, who had a wish to know this boy personally, gave him several accounts less and more difficult to make, and received the most instantaneous and right answers. When among other things he asked the boy, what was the produce of one and half a third of 16 livres, he did not understand, what a third meant; but no sooner had he been told that three thirds made a whole, but he was ready with the right reply. He then fixed the teacher and said, as you ask me so many things you may in your turn tell me what is the produce of 1000 sous, 1000 half sous, 1000 liards, 1000 half liards, 1000 deniers, and a 1000 half deniers. Full of joy at Bodeau's embarrassment, he said with a pleasing smile: that will make 100 livres, and slipt out of his presence. The form of this boy is very regular; his head is long and prolonged on the hind part, his face flat and broad, (according to Gall's system, the sense of numbers which widens the face, is strongly expressed) his eye is fine and spirited, his appearance weak, his smile agreeable, and his motion quick. Both the reporter and the commissary of the commonalty assert to be convinced, that the child's answers are by no means the effect of a strong and cultivated memory, but that they must be attributed to the most extensive mental disposition for arithmetics. The boy's name is Lewis Robert Desvaux. His parents seem to be deprived of all means to give him any education.'

That many of the propositions of Dr. Gall are extremely questionable, we need hardly spend much time in explaining. Of many of them indeed it would be little troublesome to imagine any possible mode of proof. In general however it does not seem at all difficult to convey a tolerably clear idea of the means by which this theory proposes to instruct us in the knowledge of the heart, or rather as we must now say, the head of man. It is assumed that there are innate dispositions, and that these dispositions are exerted by the aid of certain parts of the brain, which are therefore

called the organs: These organs also are not solely in the internal parts of the brain, as might be imagined, but project on its surface, and occasion certain protuberances in the bony covering of the head, which we can observe externally. Thus then is the chain completed; men's dispositions to peculiar kinds of conduct, are caused or accompanied by the projections on the brain, and the degree of the disposition is marked by the size of the prominence.

A theory so comprehensive as this can hardly fail of meeting many objections, and encountering great opposition: and it appears that the Germans have not all yielded to the torrent of conviction. The privy counsellor Walthers has distinguished himself as a sturdy, though not very successful sceptic, and he is fated to tremble under the pen of criticism in many pages of this little volume. It appears that the existence of innate dispositions had been called in question by some disbelievers, who adduced as an objection the case of some of the savage children caught in the woods of the Austrian dominions, whom it was found impossible to tame by any exertions. But Dr. Gall, on examining these unfortunate creatures, discovered the real cause of the difficulty to have consisted in the unhappy organization of their heads. We extract the passage.

'To the assertion of the existence of innate dispositions there has been objected what we have before animadverted to, namely: 'That man's education can impart dispositions to man and develope them in him; 'and to support this objection those unfortunate beings were mentioned who sometimes were found in forests in a state bordering upon imbecility, and who, in spite of every possible exertion, seldom or never could be brought to a certain degree of civilization becoming man. It was admitted that those savages had sunk to that low degree of human nature, because they never had an opportunity of acquiring talents by any kind of education; but Gall maintains that those wretches, rather than contradict, prove the validity of his assertion, because he had observed many of those savages who out of the imperial dominions had been sent to the institute of the deaf and dumb at Vienna, and were subjected to his examination, when in every one of them he witnessed the most unhappy organization of the head, flat and depressed sculls, &c. Nature had then refused them every disposition for human improvement, and it might be supposed with the greatest degree of probability, that the parents of those wretches, when they perceived their utter incapacity of education, had themselves exposed them to the mercy of chance. And as to those demi-savages, in whom still some human disposition and sometimes the traces of an earlier education were discernable, it was to be supposed, that they had strayed in their infancy, and from a want of education had sunk to that half-brutish state.'

The existence of organs for each disposition is inferred from the phenomena which appear in hurts and distempers of the brain, in consequence of which sometimes single dispositions are lost entirely. The following illustration is given :

'The existence of sundry single dispositions and their being attended with their respective organs in the brain, likewise is proved from many phenomena which appear in hurts and distempers of the brain, through which sometimes single dispositions, e. g. the recollection of words, were lost, and sometimes other dispositions arose, of which there was no trace before; a fact which already is well enough known, and will be made still more evident from several instances to be related hereafter.'

Dreaming, noctambulations, and extacies are explained in the same way, and arise, in the opinion of Gall, from the activity of a part only of the organs. It is even with some degree of seriousness hinted that we may perhaps account in a similar manner for animal magnetism, and that there is nothing ridiculous in supposing that there may exist some unknown fluid, which may have the power of carrying some organs of animal life to an extraordinary degree of activity. The following additional arguments are given on the same subject :

'Gall here mentions two extraordinary phenomena, which were exhibited in his own person. He namely once observed; that by gently stroking the hair on his forehead, he first experienced a very sensible perspiration on his hand, then an ebullition of heat ascending in his sides from the waist up to his head, and at last a sickness at heart. He afterwards tried the same experiment upon other persons, which not only produced the very same effect, but was sometimes followed also by a deep and long swoon.

'He afterwards read in a book on animal magnetism the case of a woman, who for a long time had laboured under a violent pain in her left breast, the cause of which could not be discovered, till the woman, on being magnetized, in the state of disorganization herself said, that the pain was owing to a hurt received in her stomach. This case more than ever engaged Gall's attention on animal magnetism, because some time before he had accidentally swallowed the kernel of a plum, which stuck in the mouth of his stomach, and likewise caused him a pain in his left breast.'

In the latter part of this little tract the foregoing maxims and observations are applied to use, and the precise spots are pointed out, the protuberancy or depression of which determine the character of the man. As words, however, might be insufficient to convey a clear idea of these distinctions, the work is accompanied by a plaster

scull, on which the situation of the different organs is marked by figures. So that if we doubt the honesty of a servant, we have only to fetch our scull from the closet in which it is deposited, and having examined the organ of larceny, No. 16, on the plaster scull, and compared it with the same spot on the servant's forehead, we may immediately discover the existence and intensity of his roguery. In like manner an examination of the organ of wit on the protuberance, No. 22, will enable us to determine with infinite accuracy, the value of any saying which passes for a *bon mot*, provided we can see the person who has uttered it. In the same way we may find out many other qualities of the heart and mind, which run the greatest risk of escaping vulgar observation. This then is certainly a most valuable discovery, and requires only to be a true one, to prove of the first utility. As its value however can only be ascertained by a reference to facts, we must wish our readers, who shall be stimulated to the study of sculls by this our report of the merits of Dr. Gall's system, that fortunate protuberance, No. 26, which indicates the requisite degree of perseverance and firmness for so great an undertaking. Perhaps it might not be amiss to wish them also a sufficiently large organ of courage, the possession of which quality cannot be dispensed with by those who examine too minutely the sculls of others, unless by such as can boast a preternaturally ample organ of patience. Whatever may be the event of the discussion, we can safely recommend the book and scull as a source of considerable amusement to those who delight in such investigations. They are sold by Ramdom and Co. No. 5, Hart Street, Bloomsbury, at the low price (together) of twelve shillings and sixpence.

ART. VIII.—*Napoleon and the French People under his Empire. By the Author of Bonaparte and the French People under his Consulate. From the German.* 8vo. 9*d.* Tipper *and* Richards. 1806.

THIS work professes to be a sort of comment on a book entitled 'Bonaparte and the French People under his Consulate,' published three years ago. It contains some few facts and characteristic traits relative to this destroyer of nations, which were not to be found in that publication. But it must be remembered that all productions of this kind, which are not compiled from authentic documents, but in which assertion is often substituted for proof, and personal or political animosity causes a perpetual tendency to exaggeration, are to be read

with certain grains of allowance for the omissions, misrepresentations and prejudices of the writers. When we say this, we are as far from meaning that Bonaparte is not that monster of iniquity which he has been depicted by his enemies, as we are from believing that he is that prodigy of greatness which he has been described in the lavish adulation of his friends. Truth, in this case as in others, seems to lie between the extremes of obloquy and praise. Bonaparte is a man, subject to the same feelings and passions as other men; but a wider field has been opened to their display than was ever enjoyed by any other man. Almost every gratification which ambition could covet, has been placed within his reach, and if the avidity of the passion, instead of being appeased, have only been increased by the power of enjoyment, the fact will by no means surprise those who have studied the operations of the human heart. It is not in the nature of any passions like those of avarice and ambition ever to rest satisfied with present possession, however vast it may be, for in such passions to suppose contentment to be produced by any quantum of enjoyment, is to suppose the passions themselves suddenly to become rational or quiescent, which experience proves never to be the case. There is hardly any ambitious man, who, placed in the same circumstances as Bonaparte and gifted with a similar ability, would not have run the same career of folly, of cruelty and injustice; who would not have sought continual accessions of fancied aggrandizement, by whatever means they might be obtained. To suppose that Bonaparte should be suddenly elevated from very humble circumstances to the highest pitch of power, or that the son of a blacksmith should be extolled above the greatest potentates of the earth without his mind becoming inebriate and his head turning giddy, would be to suppose him more than man. Ambition is not, like avarice, the passion of a narrow and sordid, but of a capacious and a towering mind; yet, in Bonaparte, highly sublimed as seems the spirit of his ambition, that ambition is associated with a littleness of mind, a peevishness of behaviour and a puny puerility of resentment which have not often been seen combined with the more lofty, great and generous characteristics of ambition. There are few instances in which the highest ambition has not been conjoined with the most dazzling magnanimity; yet, of Bonaparte, hardly one action is recorded which can fairly entitle him to the name of the MAGNANIMOUS. Though nothing may seem greater than the greatness of his exploits, yet what can exceed the littleness of his disposition? What action does history record of the most contemptible and narrow minded tyrant, which is not

surpassed by the pitiful effusions of *his* tyranny? Revenge is one of the surest marks of a little mind; but in this respect we believe that there never was a person, who could prefer a juster claim to pusillanimity than the present emperor of the French. His detention, on the commencement of the present war, of the English travellers in France, in direct violation of every principle of justice and humanity, his unprincipled and ruffian-like murder of the Duke d'Enghien, his secret assassination of Pichegru, and other indubitable exertions of his despotism, are a sufficient proof that notwithstanding the apparent grandeur of his military atchievements the emperor of the French possesses a puny and dwarfish soul. He has none of the generous, confiding and winning magnanimity which characterized the first of the Cæsars; his are the petty jealousies, the never ceasing suspicions, the dark and lowering terrors of an eastern throne.

We are well aware that Buonaparte considers the liberty of the press as the greatest obstacle to tyranny; and that, consequently, in order to establish the one he has taken every precaution to suppress the other. Indeed, so fearful does the guilty conscience of the despot seem of this enviable liberty, that he has spared no pains to annihilate it in other countries as well as in his own. His antipathy to the political freedom of our public prints was, though not the ostensible, yet perhaps one of the real grounds of the present war. The author of the present work says that 'forty-eight hours of complete liberty of speech and printing would be enough to hurl him from his throne.' Indeed, no despotism whatever could be long maintained, where there was a free and unrestrained circulation of opinions. For the motions of matter are subject to the volitions of mind; and accordingly the force of opinion would ultimately obtain the ascendant over the force of arms. The only sure and permanent safeguard of political freedom, is the freedom of the press. In this security is included every other. While this is preserved, all is safe: but when this is destroyed, all is lost. Britons! learn rightly to appreciate this great preservative of liberty and antidote to despotism!

Despotism seldom befalls any people who are not previously fitted to receive it. Before the yoke of slavery is imposed, the neck is already bent for the reception. Buonaparte would never have been a tyrant if he had not found the French gratuitously disposed to be slaves. Before the revolution, the French mistook the sense of oppression for the love of liberty; and thus they have only exchanged one species of despotism for another. The long interval of revolutionary tumult previous to the usurpation of Buonaparte,

was only a succession of tyrannies; for, neither before nor since the revolution has there been any thing like a moral fitness in the great mass of the people for the precious gift of civil liberty. Buonaparte therefore became a tyrant only because he found the people ready for slavery. At the moment when he had vaulted into the seat of sovereign power, they crouched like spaniels at his feet, and lavished on him the incense of idolatrous adulation. Where there is a genuine love of liberty among any people, a sense of personal dignity is preserved, which will prevent every individual from forgetting that he is a man, or from supposing that any other individual, because he may be invested with the insignia of office or the sceptre of state, is more than man. The adulation of the great is one of the surest symptoms of a propensity to servitude. The French are so lost to all sense of personal worth, that, as this author remarks, they seem to think themselves exalted by being admitted into the presence of the Corsican. They swallow the salutations of his creaking voice like the nectar of the gods. 'He stands erect,' says the author, 'and bows to no one, and when he addresses any one, it is with entire *nonchalance* of tone and gesture, that stepping somewhat nearer, he utters some insignificant sentences, as we speak to children to prevent their being afraid.' Those who are admitted to the puppet-show of his imperial levee, seem so absorbed in admiration or so palsied with fear, that they forget the use of their eyes and ears: and go away without being conscious that the Jove, whom they have been worshipping, is 'a little yellow man with little green eyes.'

This sovereign pageant of imperial Gaul is surrounded on his days of ceremony by a numerous troop of variegated menials, bedaubed with gold and silver from the cape to the knee. How great is the delusion of human vanity, which can be gratified with such a spectacle!

With a portion of political penetration, Buonaparte certainly unites no common share of military talent. But his greatness is principally founded on the total disregard of all moral considerations in the attainment of his ends. No means are ever scrupled which suit his purpose, or which can, in any way, conduce to the gratification of his ambition. That is his ruling passion, to which good and evil, vice and virtue are made equally subservient. Buonaparte therefore can be regarded only as a ruffian of a more gigantic size, and ravaging on a greater scale. For as true greatness cannot exist apart from an inviolable regard for the sanctity of virtue, the greatness of Buonaparte must be considered as similar in kind though different in degree to that of Jonathan

Wild, or any other *great man*, who has figured at the Old Bailey, or been suspended by the *new drop*.

The temperament of the Corsican has no infusion of that melting sensibility, which might operate as a check on the ferocity of unbridled power. The blood of man is not estimated at more than the value of common water in his calculations of ambition. The same sanguinary spirit, with which he begun his career as a servile tool of the convention, when in October, 1795, he raked the long narrow streets of Paris with grape-shot while crowded with people, has accompanied him ever since; but only increased in activity as he has approached nearer the pinnacle of power. When, in a later period, he ordered his wounded soldiers to be poisoned at Jaffa, or the Turkish captives to be shot in the plains of Nazareth, when he fired on the garrison of Acre in the midst of a parley, when he sent his Mamelukes to strangle Pichegru or Captain Wright, when Villeneuve was assassinated by his direction, we behold a man not only dead to the common feelings of honour and the common sympathies of humanity, but, as ambition stimulates, defying the sense of remorse and mocking the retributive justice of the Deity.

The performance of the present author does not furnish a regular, history of Buonaparte or his government, but is composed of scattered observations; in which we occasionally meet with some characteristic trait or some striking remark. On the return of Buonaparte from Acre to Alexandria after his signal discomfiture by Sir Sidney Smith, he is said to have been informed of every thing that was passing in France by an English captain, through the exertions of his brother Lucien and Talleyrand; and it is asserted, though we believe without any reason, that the English connived at his return. That return happened at a most critical and for him fortunate juncture, for the people affected both with disgust and with resentment, by the feeble, injudicious and oppressive government of the directory, almost made him a tender of the sovereignty. But yet, in the little and spiritless opposition which the boasted conqueror of Italy experienced on this occasion from the two councils, his resolution seemed to faulter; and perhaps if it had not been for the energetic aid of his brother Lucien, the sceptre would never have come into his hands. Buonaparte was no sooner seated at the helm, than his first step towards an unconditional and unrestrained despotism was the organization of a guard for his *sacred* person; which was soon increased to ten thousand men, and so artfully disposed as completely to overawe

the capital, and prevent any future insurrection of the volatile and unprincipled Parisians. Those very people who had so heroically stormed the Bastille, and on so many occasions made so many sacrifices in the cause of liberty, tamely suffered the wily Corsican to take the most certain measures to perpetuate their servitude; and even while he was thus employed in reducing them to an ignominious subjection, they lavished on him a greater degree of idolatrous adulation than they had ever shown to any of their kings. When such was the state of France, must not the Corsican have contemptuously exclaimed of the French people as Tiberius did of the Roman senate, that they were *ripe for servitude*? They were totally unworthy of any government that was not arbitrary in its principles and oppressive in its practice. The coercive system of the Corsican was exactly suited to their necessities and their desert.

Whatever may be the military talent of Bonaparte, which we neither presume to contradict nor to appreciate, it seems certain that there never was a conqueror, at least among a people who could make any pretensions to civilization, who was so unsparing in his ravage, who shewed so little regard for the blood which he shed, or the desolation which he caused. Though he has more faces than Janus, and can assume, in order to deceive, the tone of the philosopher or the sanctity of the religionist, yet, in his heart, he seems to make a mock of misery, and to know nothing of humanity but the name. Little incidents often characterize the man more than great ones. What then shall we think of the *feeling*, the *philanthropic* Napoleon, who permits his soldiers in mere wantonness to set fire to the charitable *hospitium* of the poor Capucin monks on Mount St. Gothard, which has saved the life of many a traveller who must otherwise have perished on the dreary heights? What epithet shall we affix to the boasted hero, who authorizes his commissaries to sell at exorbitant prices the subsistence of which they have plundered the country, and leaves those who are too poor to purchase, to feed on wild roots and berries, or to starve?

When Buonaparte in 1797 was placed in a dangerous and critical situation in the Tyrol, in which it was not safe for him either to retreat or to advance, he, all at once, affects the language of a sensitive moralist, who has a heart open as day to melting charity. He writes to the Archduke—'Have we not sacrificed men enough? Have we not brought misery enough upon suffering humanity?' &c. &c. And he pretends that, if, by his proposals, he can save the life only of one man, he will prefer it to 'all the dismal glory which

the field of battle confers.' This is truly the sanguinary wolf putting on the fleece of an harmless lamb. The Archduke Charles, who knew his own strength and the desperate situation of the enemy, rejected the hypocritical proposal; but his resolution was overruled by the timidity or the perfidy of the Austrian cabinet; and the short-lived peace of Campo Formio ensued. At this very moment, when all Europe resounded with the praises of the hero, who was not so well known then as he has been since, he is said to have exhibited no small anxiety to prove his descent from the ancient Italian family of Bonaparte; and it is certain that from the period of his Egyptian expedition, he omitted the *u* in the spelling of his name; and, instead of Buonaparte, subscribed himself Bonaparte. Such are the trifles which often occupy even the attention of those on whose will depends the destiny of nations; and who are, we should think, too exalted to attend to such contemptible minutiæ! But who is there so great as not sometimes to sacrifice at the shrine of vanity?

At the treaty of Campo Formio, Venice, in which the conqueror had pretended to establish a democratic constitution, was basely given up to Austria; but before the period of its surrender, a military administration was formed in order the more promptly to assist the French in their usual schemes of pillage and confiscation. The capital was stripped of almost every thing valuable; what could not be taken away was sold; and what could not be sold was burnt or destroyed.

Much has been said of the facility of Sieyes in making constitutions; but in this he is greatly surpassed by Buonaparte; but both seem equally careless or equally ignorant of that system of government which is best suited to the habits and genius of the people for whom it is designed, and consequently best fitted to promote their happiness. That system of government is always the best in the eyes of Buonaparte, which is best calculated to favour the execution of his arbitrary mandates. But he often gives great complexity to the machine in order to hide the despotic action of the master-spring. Nothing is so difficult as legislation; because it requires not a knowledge of theoretical generalities, but of numerous practical particulars; not only of human nature in the abstract, but of human nature modified by the intricate relations of property, and the influence of civilization, which belongs only to a few. But Buonaparte, who has been bred a soldier and who really understands little more than the evolutions of an army, is too self-conceited to be conscious of his defects in any other respect; and with

marvellous ease he can, in the hurry of business or the tumult of arms, dictate laws which a Plato or a Solon would not have ventured to promulgate without long and patient meditation.

This writer ascribes the loss of the battle of Marengo, on the part of the Austrians, to General Zach, who commanded a body of eight thousand cavalry, which he could not be induced to advance at the command of the general in chief Melas, and which, if he had advanced, must have completed the rout of the French. But, when battles have been lost, nothing is more easy than to show how they might have been won. Cold, and calm reflection, after an engagement, may readily ascribe to design what was the mere effect of accident; or to perfidy, what was the consequence of mistake. But what strikes us as most remarkable, is that General Melas, after this battle in which his force was at least equal to that of Buonaparte, should instantly surrender to him all the strong places in Italy, without striking another blow. We must here acknowledge either the most glaring treachery, or the most culpable imbecility.

In the appendix to this work, we find a letter from the German philosopher Leibnitz, to Louis XIV. in which, as it is said, for the purpose of diverting that monarch from his projected attack on the Dutch provinces, he urges him to undertake the conquest of Egypt, and points out to him the facility and advantages of the conquest. The philosopher declares that, if the French once get possession of Egypt, 'all Europe united, would in vain strive to wrest from them the sceptre of the world.' This letter is said to have suggested the last expedition of the French to this ancient country; but we know that the conquest and colonization of Egypt has long been the object of their ambition. If it should ever fall into their hands, the security of our East Indian possessions will certainly be endangered, as Egypt furnishes the nearest route to the east, and would enable the French to send troops into that part of the world, with less expence and more facility and dispatch than any other European power. But even Egypt will not be of essential service to them or detriment to us, without the sovereignty of the seas; which they are not likely soon to obtain, and which does not depend on the possession of Egypt, but on a wide extended commerce, favoured by the auspicious spirit of civil liberty, which France never can enjoy under the despotic and oppressive administration of Buonaparte.

ART IX.—*The Miseries of Human Life; or the Groans of Samuel Sensitive and Timothy Testy. With a few supplementary Sighs from Mrs. Testy.* 12*mo.* 8*s.* Miller. 1806.

ART. X.—*More Miseries; addressed to the Morbid, the Melancholy, and the Irritable. By Sir Fretful Murmur, Knt.* 12*mo.* 5*s.* Symonds. 1806.

IT is on record that the famous Rabelais, having published some physical tract, which did not sell, upon the disappointed bookseller's complaint to him, told him, that since the world did not know the value of a good book, they would undoubtedly like a bad one. The excellent, and highly probable and natural characters of Grangousier, Gargantua, Friar John, Pantagruel and Panurge soon made amends for his physical tract. The world has dealt with equal severity by Mr. Beresford's good books. Their want of taste has condemned the Song of the Sun, to utter oblivion;— and his pious Æneas can hardly find an admirer in the methodists of this country, of which worthy sect that hero was, as all the world knows, the founder.

To fall in with the taste of the age, our author has presented the world with an easy, social, good for nothing, harmless, diverting sort of book, which must do all our hearts good at least, even if our heads receive no material benefit. It is calculated to affect the præcordia and muscles of the mouth and face, an effect which Dr. Willis ascribeth to kissing, without the further disarrangement of the system ascribed by that doctor to the latter amusement.

Dr. Johnson had said of Gulliver's sojourn among the Lilliputians, that it was nothing. Once get the idea of little men and little women, and the business is done. But until the time of that illustrious voyager, the business did certainly remain undone. There should appear nothing so obvious as the recapitulation of our little petty evils, which form the conversation of all those whose attentions are not absorbed in diverting from themselves the more dreadful and overwhelming torrents of misfortune. But, probably from its very obviousness, it has remained undone to these times.

It certainly was a maiden subject, tempting in many respects; she seemed to give herself no airs and offered so few obstacles, that no suitor, however moderate his pretensions need have despaired of embracing her with a moderate attention and the penance of a little patience. We congratulate our author in the success which has followed his addresses; we wish him joy in the possession of the virgin, although we by no means believe that he was decidedly the object of her preference; nay, we are convinced that she cast an eye of favour nearly

a century ago on a young gentleman in orders of the name of Jonathan Swift; that he was at that time forming a connexion with another lady of facetious memory, was besides afflicted with a vertigo, and hence unconscious of the charms of the young creature who loved him, and of her preference in his favour. Since that time she settled calmly down into the old maid, and was of course glad enough to give her hand, heart and fortune to Mr. Beresford, or indeed to any one who asked them. Let us see what sort of a husband Mr. Beresford has made, how he has treated the antiquated lady herself, and in what manner he disposes of her immense dowry.

'Wretches,' says our author, 'whose stories wash the stage of tragedy with tears and blood—approach a more disastrous scene! Take courage to behold a pageant of calamities, which calls you to renounce your sad monopoly.'

It appears that Messrs. Timothy Testy, and Samuel Sensitive have established a *firm* of misery, but by no means on that selfish plan which would preclude other miserables from a share in their sufferings; on the contrary, they publish a catalogue of dreadful articles, from a broken head to a broken wafer, (supposing this last distress far from the most poignant that might befall humanity) with an intention of encouraging other dealers in distress, and reminding them of many woes, aches, throbs, bobs, twitches, &c, which they might inadvertently pass over unnoticed.

Here however we must utter an interdict against the language of Messrs. Testy and Sensitive, which is throughout miserably depraved and unmeaning. The Babylonish dialect of the Address to the Miserable, which serves as an introduction to the work, might be cited as a comprehensive instance of all that is bad in style; and the dialogues throughout are written in a spirit of puppyish smartness, as unlike true wit, as a dancing master is unlike a gentleman.

The delineation of man's helpless state (p. 13.) must however be exempted from the general censure. It is a well-drawn picture though couched in language the most crude and undigested, of the hopelessness of this our existence on earth to attain any thing like happiness. But upon this introductory matter, we must not dwell; after observing therefore that Ned Testy is sometimes too busy with his quotations, and that the train laid for them is frequently too long and broad to escape observation some time before the explosion takes place, we shall proceed to the Miseries themselves, which certainly are sometimes of a nature to justify complaint even from a hero; and we do not think the conquerors of Trafalgar would bear the following without evident marks of uneasiness.

'Walking all day, in very hot weather, in a pair of shoes far too tight both in length and breadth:—corns on every toe.'

'When you have trusted your foot on a frozen rut,—the ice proving treacherous, and bedding you in slush, to the hip.'

'In your evening walk—being closely followed, for a quarter of an hour, by a large bull-dog (without his master), who keeps up a stifled growl, with his muzzle nuzzling about your calf, as if choosing out the fleshiest bite:—no bludgeon.'

Neither should we accuse any gentleman of being over nervous, if he expressed his dissatisfaction at the first groan of the third dialogue.

'In skaiting slipping, in such a manner that your legs start off in this unaccommodating posture (describing an angle of about 145 degrees) from which you are relieved, by tumbling forwards on your nose or backwards on your scull,' &c.

But to the more pleasant part of our office. Who does not sympathize with the author in the following varieties of misery!

'Pushing *in* with an immense crowd at a narrow door, through which such another crowd is pushing *out*:—thermometer at 95, or 6.

'Briskly stooping to pick up a lady's fan, at the same moment when two other gentlemen are doing the same, and so *making a cannon* with your head against both of theirs—and this without being the happy man, after all'.

'On entering the room, to join an evening party composed of remarkably grave, strict, and precise persons, suddenly finding out that you are drunk; and (what is still worse) that the company has *shared* with you in the discovery—though you thought you were, and fully intended to be, rigidly sober.'

'After having left a company in which you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession—thinking, at your leisure, of a repartee which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms.'

The quotations of Mr. Beresford are frequently taken from Virgil. It were to be wished that he had not been quite so squeamish in the choice of translations from that poet. His delicacy on this point not only induces him to reject Dryden's version, but even to substitute his own in its place. His translation is in metrical prose, and in the scale of poetical excellence is exactly equal to the list of groans which are cited above.

There is however a vein of humour pervading the whole of his Virgilian travesty, which appears but partially in his groans. The parting of Orpheus and Eurydice, the Cacus, and more particularly a passage in P. 185, with many others, are done into English with great pleasantry. But we must take leave of Mr. Beresford, who on the whole has entertained us very hospitably, to attend Sir Fretful Murmur at Fen Lodge. After having banqueted to satiety at the table of the former gentleman, we are not quite prepared for a repetition of the same fare in the same profusion, and therefore take it very kindly of Sir Fretful, and esteem it an act of great consideration for our health on his part, that he has only prepared for us a *petit souper* of viands so light and frothy, that our night's rest will not be disturbed by indigestion.

This gentleman prefaces his entertainment with a kind of grace before meat, which is here called a memoir. In language and style it is far superior to the preluding dialogues between Messrs. Testy and Sensitive.

The following we think are highly unpleasant circumstances :

'Being requested by a foreigner who understands very little of the English language, to hear him read Milton.'

'Shooting London Bridge with weak nerves, several ladies of the party.'

'Having so flaccid a cheek that the parish barber who shaves you is obliged to introduce his thumb into your mouth to give it a proper projection ; cutting his thumb in this position, with the razor.'

The following disappointments and accidents must be shocking to any one of fine feelings :

'Sending a challenge, requesting a timid friend to attend you to the field, who you think will not fail to acquaint the magistrate of it ; going with horror to the appointed spot, anxiously looking back every step to see if the Bow Street officers are coming, without success.'

'A false calf shifting in a dance.'

'Meeting a young lady the first time after an intended match is broken off (love tolerably, but not excessively deep) looking like two shy cats, each obliquely watching the other to see what degree of dejection the separation has produced.'

'Sending a challenge to a man because you thought him a coward, who accepts it.'

In point of language Sir Fretful, as has been before observed, is vastly superior to his rival, whose wit is strangely clouded by scholastic pedantry. But Messieurs Testy and Sensitive have undoubted claims to superior honour from primo-geniture.

This species of writing appears at first sight new; and the manner in which the subjects have been handled would make it entirely so. The great object of these authors is to bring into notice, and raise into consequence all those petty vexations which come whiffling across the canvass of life. This has been done by one of the ablest humourists in our language. For of what, but the most petty crosses and disasters, is the life of Tristram Shandy composed? A rusty hinge, a window without a pulley, a button hole, the whim of a christian name, an any thing, are there raised from their original obscurity to objects of the first magnitude. The author every where keeps his countenance himself, and from this grave demeanor, becomes irresistibly humourous to his readers. The accident which caused my uncle Toby's demigration for Shandy Hall may come under the head of a groan; and from the aggravation of petty circumstances gravely told, it produces an effect infinitely beyond the smart and facetious sallies of the two authors here reviewed.

'The table in my uncle Toby's room, and at which the night before this change happened, he was sitting with his maps, &c. about him, being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinitely of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crowded upon it, he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compasses, and in stooping to take the compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers; and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavouring to catch the snuffers in falling, he thrust Monsieur Blondel off the table and Count de Pagan o' top of him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man lame as my uncle Toby was, to think of redressing all these evils by himself; he rung the bell for his man Trim, &c.'

Here the hand of a perfect master is apparent; the picture is so natural, the art so nicely concealed, that numbers would fancy themselves enabled to paint as well. It is only from a trial, that the difficulty can be discovered.

ART. XI.—*A Tour through some of the Islands of Orkney and Shetland, &c. By Patrick Neill, A.M. Secretary to the Natural History Society of Edinburgh.* 8vo. 5s. Murray. 1806.

IMMEDIATELY on seeing this tour advertised, we ordered it of our bookseller, and determined to give our rea-

ders a full analysis of its contents, as it relates to a part of the kingdom very little known, and on many accounts highly interesting to the politician, the philosopher and the naturalist. We got the performance, and paid for it five shillings sterling. It has however turned out the worst bargain we ever made; for on offering to return it to the same bookseller for half a crown, he listened to us with a knowing smile, and bowing to us in a very complaisant manner, hoped that we would not insist upon it. As we were unwilling to have such a scurvy performance constantly in the same room with our other books, we gave it back gratis, and it was since accidentally seen by a friend, in a snuff-shop near Spring-Gardens. We have therefore every reason to believe that ere long the whole impression will be sold off, and converted to some other purpose than that of reading, for which it appears scarcely to have been intended. If it was indeed published as a speculation in snuff-paper, the idea of printing words upon it is tolerably ingenious, though a Tour to the Orkneys is less suitable than would have been a Gleaning in Scotland, or a Stranger in Ireland, or a Literary Hour: we therefore advise Mr. Neill in his next traffic to solicit the aid of Dr. Drake, Mr. Pratt, or Sir John Carr, Knight. If Mr. Neill really be, as he asserts, Secretary to the *Natural History Society* of Edinburgh, his election to such an office speaks highly in favour of their want of common sense, for his acquaintance with that branch of science seems slight and distant. A Scotch degree of A. M. has long been considered so very opprobious an epithet, that we do not wonder at a person of Mr. Neill's stupidity glorying in it. We formerly alluded to an LL.D., one Dr. Chapman, who failed to an amusing degree in a convulsive effort at a Latin poem, and now we meet with an A.M. who is repulsed in a feeble attack upon the king's English. In verity, Mr. Neill is a very ignorant and imbecile person. We cannot at this moment charge our memory with a full grown gentleman so entirely deficient in natural and acquired parts. The bare idea of his visiting the Orkneys with a view to describe them to the public, 'is big with jest.' If a man had been landed on one of those islands with a handkerchief over his eyes,—tied neck and heels, and left lying on the shore for a few hours, then put into the hold of a trading vessel, and kept there till he arrived under the cloud of night in Leith harbour, and afterwards been obliged to publish an account of what he saw and did during his trip to the Orkneys, it is probable that his book would have contained little more than double of Mr. Neill's Tour.—This unfortunate secretary has cautiously avoided every thing in the shape of an idea, and exhibited an excess of intellectual timidity,

which can be described by no other words than an amiable weakness: so terrified is he at the very shadow of a remark, that he frequently quotes Dr. Barry's words without their meaning, and if at any time he runs unexpectedly against the reality of one, he is so much flurried that he never stops to look behind him, till he has run over a great many pages uninfested by such formidable beings. He then sits down beneath the shade of some immense paragraph and makes reflections.

Yet there are some parts of this performance not quite so destitute of amusement as others. It contains a particular account of a battle between Mr. Neil and a northern hero styling himself Thule, which shows the mode in which literary warfare is carried on in Scotland. Two such clumsy sparrers and ineffectual hitters never stripped for the amusement of the learned ring. For several rounds the battle remained doubtful, not one fair knock-down blow having been given, till at last our Tourist 'shew'd the white feather,' called out 'foul,' and declined any further contest. The saidThule is indeed the sorriest attempt at a literary bully, his antagonist excepted, that ever went into training; he possesses neither muscle, skill, wind nor bottom, although like all other cowards he swaggers about in a manner sufficiently alarming to people of weak nerves who do not know him well. We therefore advise these two irate champions to shake hands and settle all quarrels, lest, if they ever again break the peace, some spectator among the croud *turn to* and flog them both in good earnest.

ART. XII.—*False Alarms, or my Cousin; a Comic Opera, in three Acts, performed at Drury lane Theatre. By James Kenney.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. Longman. 1807.

THE author, conscious of the demerits of this piece, converts the preface into an apology for its defects. He does not 'affect to despise a laudable and honest fame,' and wishes the scenes of this opera 'better fitted to the test of classical taste.' That the world may be aware on what very slender pretensions a dramatic author looks for 'a laudable and honest fame,' the ideas of this dramatist on that subject shall be laid before them.

'A production of this nature, however, in which, (now-a-days particularly) the dramatist must sacrifice so largely to his associate artists, cannot be expected to challenge the critic's austerity. As I am, therefore, wholly unprepared to dispute his charges on the present occasion, I can only promise him my endeavours to please him better in future.'

'In the mean time, I am content that *crowded audiences* have received my Opera with their accustomed indulgence, and that it is likely to share, with other modern productions, its little day of favour and attention.'

What is it in lieu of the critic's austerity which this author would wish to challenge? Would he willingly challenge his contempt? And in what respect are his associate artists humoured by having nonsense put into their mouths. If the natural pleasantry of manner peculiar to Johnstone and Bannister, can give effect to such nullity of characters as Tom Surfeit and Lieutenant M'Lary, their humour would become irresistible on occasions more favourable to exertion.

The author from a persuasion of his own imbecility, has introduced every theatrical trap by which crowded houses are usually ensured. Thus Miss Umbrage wears the university cap: this joke has been practised before. Surfeit, in stepping up to embrace Emily, finds her unexpectedly and nonsensically in the arms of Edgar, who comes in, by a violation of all the decencies of probability, merely to aid and abet an old and stale joke. But the centre of all attraction is in Miss Duncan, who is obliged to forego her sex, and dress and talk and act as a young hussar. This nostrum of filling a house by the personal charms of a female attired as a male has been prescribed with effect for some years; and when things went amiss at Drury-lane, Miss De Camp put on breeches, and all was right again. Bad scenes, bad music executed by an ill-conducted band, shabbiness of costume, arrant nonsense in dialogue were all atoned for by the magic of a female Ferdinand or Theodore.

It was piteous to see an actress so exquisite as Miss Pope struggling under the stupid weight of Miss Umbrage's character. The part of Edgar, which means nothing, was properly assigned to Braham, who expresses that meaning to a miracle. This personage has by dint of tagging together parts of old tunes which he had heard in the streets of London and in those of divers towns on the continent, aspired to the name of a musical composer. The music of the Cabinet, which depends almost entirely on these foreign props mixed with the genuine vulgarisms of our native slang is in some parts at least sufferable. Italians say of Mr. Braham, that whatsoever he touches he absolutely murders. And as music is not the province of our countrymen, we must submit to the decision of the Italian and German schools, by both of which this compiler is considered as an incurable.

But in False Alarms he has most wisely given up the point of composing; the music has the air of a drover's extempore whistle, and depends wholly on the exertions

of Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Bland and Storace, for sufferance. Some parts are formed exclusively for himself; and here the composer was at less pains than for others; for a tune to a bad voice is a burthen almost insupportable. Mr. Braham therefore has recourse to the bravura style and the execution of difficult passages. These are followed by a swell, which is probably the most inharmonious sound that can be produced by human nose. We use the term *nose*, in opposition to the *voce di petto*, the voice which comes from the *breast*.

The writer acknowledges himself under obligations to the composer and performers. To the latter he is greatly indebted. And the former has so far entered into his feelings, that a noble emulation for the palm of worthlessness is discoverable, more particularly in one song, between writer, composer and singer. The sickliness or rather the squeamishness of thought, the Monmouth-street finery of diction, of the millinery of sentiment, aided by the trembling nasality and *elegant attitude* of the singer and composer, rendered the following *morçeau* absolutely bewitching to the female citizens, who compose so large a portion of our London audiences.

AIR.—EDGAR.

(*Accompanying himself on the piano forte.*)

'Said a Smile to a Tear,
On the cheek of my dear,
And beam'd like the sun in spring weather,
In sooth, lovely Tear,
It strange must appear,
That we should be both here together.

'I came from the heart
A soft balm to impart,
To yonder sad daughter of grief:
And I, said the Smile,
That heart to beguile,
Since you give the poor mourner relief.

'Oh! then, said the Tear,
Sweet Smile, it is clear,
We are Twins, and soft Pity our mother:
And how lovely that face
Which together we grace,
For the woe and the bliss of another!'

Edgar's dear then is thinking of two persons. The one has met with a misfortune—to put a case—has been run over by a hackney coach, the other has been fortunate, probably

has got the 30,000l. in the lottery. The tear is for the former, the smile for the latter.

It is most extraordinary that at a time when the compositions of Giardini, Jornelli, Mozart, Winter and others, are to be had without difficulty, such poor apologies for melodies and harmonies as those offered by this man and other English composers of the day, should be received, in which all the simplicity of the Italian is abandoned for complex, unfeeling and difficult passages.

Music and poetry so far resemble each other that they are unattainable by mere labour. Not merely the skill in composing, but taste in forming a judgment of what has been composed, must depend much on natural good sense. Among the illiterate in both, gaudiness will for ever pass for elegance (as in the words and notes of the song above cited,) and conceit be mistaken for sentiment.

ART. XIII.—*Eight Letters on the Subject of the Earl of Selkirk's Pamphlet, on Highland Emigration, as they lately appeared under the Signature of* AMICUS, *in one of the Edinburgh Newspapers. Second Edition, with supplementary Remarks.* 8vo. 2s. 6d. Longman. 1806.

WE have already, in two former articles of our journal, (See Crit. Rev. for August 1805, and August 1806,) entered at some length on the important question, which forms the subject of the present publication. To those statements therefore we refer our readers for a general view of the circumstances of the controversy, and for a concise recital of such opinions as our own enquiries have enabled us to form. We have more than once lamented that a question of so considerable a magnitude, and so deeply interesting to a large portion of the northern inhabitants of our island, as that which respects the *policy* of foreign emigration under the present critical circumstances of many parts of Highland territory, should hitherto have failed to meet with a substantial and satisfactory decision. It is almost needless to observe that the Earl of Selkirk is the only writer who has entered on the investigation with the proper spirit of calm and dispassionate enquiry, with a copious collection of apposite and well authenticated facts, and with a careful attention to arrangement, besides which he has superadded the exercise of clear and philosophical reasoning. Greatly as we all along have been disposed to differ on some material points, from the sentiments of that respectable writer, we are rea-

dy to acknowledge that this disposition has rather been lessened than increased, by the feeble and inconsistent efforts which his adversaries have made to oppose him. The motives of their opposition have been manifest from the first to the last pages of their performances. Vague declamations seasoned with personal impertinences; private hostility decked out with the sentiments of flaring patriotism, arguments substituted for fact, and assertion for proof, have stamped upon the mass of their productions, a character ill-suited to promote their success. However they may have deceived themselves as to the justice or the policy of adopting this method of controversy, under the mistaken notion of asserting the honour or the interests of their country, we may venture to assure them, that whilst on the one hand they will inevitably fail of bringing the public to question the upright motives of the Earl of Selkirk, they, on the other hand, are as certainly preparing for themselves the unqualified disapprobation of all candid and reasonable enquirers.

The work at present under our notice consists of a series of letters originally inserted in one of the Edinburgh newspapers, and now collected together, and attended by supplementary observations. We should not do justice to the author, were we to express without considerable qualification, the unfavourable opinion which on the whole we entertain of his performance. But the limited design of our journal does not permit us to meet now, for the third time, a discussion of so copious and almost interminable a character as that which it comprehends. Had the letters been suffered to remain in the temporary situation, for which the author at first wisely designed them, we might have been induced to approve the zeal rather than to blame the futility which they display. We might even have admired the fluency and praised the energy, which characterize many of the letters far above the common style of newspaper eloquence; we might even have accorded our thanks to the writer, for having aided the laudable design of agitating an important question of national policy, for keeping alive the slumbering regards of his countrymen to an affair very closely connected with their interests, and for furnishing all the aid in his power to overturn a system of opinions, which he conscientiously believed to be false and baneful.

When however these letters come before the public in the grave and authentic form of a volume of controversial disquisitions, and are presented as a deliberate refutation of a work which has already had the stamp of very general approbation, we are compelled to pronounce that we deem

it not only an unsatisfactory but an unworthy reply to a most candid and philosophical treatise, that we conceive the author has injured rather than aided the cause which he has espoused, and that he has laid himself open to much censure by the indecent freedom of his personal reflections.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

RELIGION.

ART. 14.—*A Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, June* 29, 1806, *being Commencement Sunday. By Edward Maltby, D. D.* 4*to.* Cadell *and* Davies. 1806.

FROM the words of Jesus, 'I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work,' the preacher takes occasion to inculcate the necessity of exertion suited to our several situations and employments in life; and he more particularly recommends an unremitting assiduity in mental and moral culture to the youth of the university. Dr. Maltby well remarks that 'the delights of indolence are to be found only in the fictions of poets, and in the paradoxes of sophists.' Labour is certainly one of the surest sources of pleasure; and the highest gratification of which humanity is susceptible, is the fruit of corporeal or intellectual toil. We entirely subscribe to that sentiment which the author has quoted from Dr. Jortin, that it is doubtful 'whether the toil, which God enjoined to Adam after his fall, and to his posterity, was a punishment or a favour.' The whole of the sermon is rational and impressive; and it is needless to add that the language is correct.

ART. 15.—*The Christian Mirror: exhibiting some of the Excellencies and Defects of the Religious World. Containing various Essays in Prose and Verse.* 12*mo.* 5*s. pp.* 285. Williams *and* Smith, &c. 1805.

THE title-page will inform the reader that this is a collection of essays on religious subjects, and the first number that it is a *periodical* publication. After this designation of the character of the work before us, we expected, with that simplicity of mind which even long habits of reviewing have not wholly subdued, that each of the essays would bear a different date as having appeared at different times. Our expectations, it seems, were erroneous, for these essays, we discovered, were on the contrary all published together in one mass. Upon what pretensions then the epithet of periodical is assumed, and for what reasons the editor should discuss the privi-

leges of a periodical writer, must be left to himself to determine. As well, in our opinion, may the Tale of a Tub, or the Adventures of Robinson Crusoe claim the title of *periodical* publications.

The editor tells us that his situation of life is not elevated; and the persons whom he has associated in his labours appear to us to be of a similar rank and station. Their views of men and manners discover none of that refinement of mind which a scholar generally possesses, none of that knowledge and experience which a man who has lived in the world seldom fails to display. The religion exhibited here is distinguished in a great measure by a hatred of cards and plays, and every thing of good is traced to the conventicle as the source of reformation, of piety and virtue.

ART. 16.—*On the Doctrines of final Perseverance, and Assurance of Salvation. A Sermon preached at Leicester, June 6th,* 1806, *at the Visitation of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, by the Honourable and Rev. H. Ryder, A.M. Rector of Lutterworth.* 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* Payne. 1806.

WE have perused this discourse with considerable satisfaction. The Calvinistic doctrine on the subject of infallible perseverance, is concisely but ably refuted.

ART. 17.—*A Sermon preached at the Parish Church of Aylesham, Norfolk, on the 5th of December,* 1805, *being the Day appointed for a general Thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the signal Victory obtained by his Majesty's Ships under the Command of the late Lord Viscount Nelson, over the combined Fleets of France and Spain; by the Rev. John Bedinfield Collyer.* 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* Norwich. 1806.

THERE is such a similarity in all the sermons on this occasion, as to supersede the necessity of our wearying the reader with an enumeration of all its merits or defects; *similia omnia; omnes congruunt; unum cognoris, omnes noris.* The chief merits of the present discourse however consist in the charitable intention of the author, who like many others has devoted the profits arising from the sale to the Patriotic Fund; its principal defects are long and laboured sentences.

ART. 18.—*The Unitarian Doctrine that 'Jesus Christ is a mere Man, in all Respects like unto other Men, and no more,' completely refuted, &c. &c. By the Reverend J. Proud.* Peacock. 8vo. 1806.

AS this author says that he has *completely refuted* the arguments of his opponents, he may judge it highly presumptuous in us to doubt the truth of so *modest* an assertion. But the Rev. J. Proud has not only *completely refuted* the commonly received unitarian doctrine, but he has *completely established* an unitarian hypothesis of a different description; which is no other than this;—that JESUS CHRIST IS THE ONLY GOD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Mr. Proud, who is a great reconciler of contradictions, determines to render his unitarian principles palatable to the lovers of the Trinity. For while he says that Jesus Christ is 'THE ONLY GOD OF HEAVEN AND EARTH,' he adds that '*in him centres the divine trinity, not of persons but of person*,' that 'he is the Father, the Son, and the HolySpirit, the only object of adoration, &c.' And in order to remove all objections to this doctrine, he gives us this luminous piece of metaphysical instruction; that man is composed of three essentials, *soul*, *body*, and *operations*, which constitute *a trinity of person* in man; and then, says he, 'it must be acknowledged that these *three essentials*, *soul*, *body*, and *operation*, did and do exist in the Lord.' Mr. Proud however does not go so far as to declare, that those who do not assent to this very logical solution of this *trinity of person*, shall be positivelyand eternally d—m—d; but still he seems to think that they are in a very bad way!!!

POLITICS.

ART. 19.—*Memoirs concerning the commercial Relations of the United States with England. By Citizen Talleyrand. Read at the National Institute, the 15th Germinal, in the Year 5. To which is added an Essay upon the Advantages to be derived from new Colonies in the existing Circumstances. By the same Author. Read at the Institute, the 15th Messidor, in the Year 5.* 8vo. 2*s*. 6*d*. Longman. 1806.

THERE is nothing new or important in this memoir, except the observations on the effects of similarity of language, and these are too late to be of use to England in its European connections, for its government, with its general want of policy, has neglected to improve the occasions of its commerce, and of the intermarriages of the numerous branches of the Royal Family, for the extension of its language, and French is become the general medium of diplomatic and commercial transactions. The consequences are too obvious to be insisted upon, for the French are now writing many of them in characters of blood.

ART. 20.—*A Letter to the Right Honourable the Earl of Moira, on the Accusations brought against his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by Mr. Paull: with Notes Critical and Admonitory; in which the Character and Principles of Mr. Paull and Sir Francis Burdett are examined, and their Origin and Tendency briefly elucidated.* 8vo. 3*s*. 6*d*. Jordan *and* Maxwell. 1807.

WE have no doubt the Earl of Moira is a nobleman ambitipus of popularity; and many of his public actions, when out of power, were of a popular nature. But we cannot give his Lordship credit for judgment in the choice of his protegés, particularly among the literati.

It was a part of the odious policy of a late administration to involve the Prince of Wales in the reflections they cast on opposition; and its wretched scribblers were accustomed with impunity to introduce his royal highness's name in a manner essentially injurious to the true principles of the monarchy.

Those who are called (by a licence of their own) the Prince's friends, saw these proceedings, if not with indifference, without that resentment or indignation which they would have displayed, where their own interests were endangered.

Since their accession to power, the same indignities have been continued with the same inexcusable inattention; and the defence of his royal highness has been left to the most wretched pamphleteers in the nation.

It is but justice to the writer of the present pamphlet to say that he is much superior to any of Lord Moira's correspondents on subjects relating to the prince.

But he is somewhat too desultory, and his various observations would apply to any subject, as perfectly as to that he professes to discuss.

The following passage will enable the reader to judge for himself:

'It is also practicable perhaps to adopt some more effectual measures of counteracting the deceptions practised by the enemy, and of destroying that all-commanding influence which the popularity of their language* has given them among the polished people of the continent. It is true, several English papers were printed and circulated in the north, but in the south of Europe, the excessive ignorance of every thing relative to England is only surpassed by the preposterously† false representations of the French.

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* 'The following very *just* and *original* observations on the French language merit the most serious attention of every Englishman.——'Quelque pauvre que soit à certains egards la langue Françoise, ce sont les *mots* qui semblent *donner* souvent aux Français plus *d'esprit* qu'ils n'en auroient naturellement, au moins plus de *finesse*, de *precision*, de *clarté*. C'est une education naturelle pour l'intelligence d'un peuple, que la logique, la syntaxe, le genie propre à cette langue. Un homme qui parle Français, et le parle passablement, ne fut-ce même que par routine, *passera* plutôt pour un homme *d'esprit* dans cette langue quec dans aucune autre. I semble quecce soit sous les *formes* les plus *usitees* de ce *langage*, que la *sottise* et *l'ignorance*, le *vice* et la *fausseté*, trouvent mille moyens de se *cacher* avec une facilité toute particulière; et c'est, peut-etre, helas! une des grandes raisons de la preference accordée si generalement à la langue Française, non-seulement dans la conversation familière des gens du monde, mais encore dans les negociations les plus importantes de la politique Européene. Je comparerois volontiers la langue Française à ces miroirs qui ne réfléchissent pas les objets avec le plus d'exactitude et de verité, mais d'une manière singulièrement nette et precise, en leur pretant même à tous un jour plus ou moins *favorable*, une surface plus ou moins *polie*. Ce qui paroit simple et clair passe *aisément* pour vrai. On prend volontiers l'elegance pour de la finesse, les formules generales et sententieuses pour de la profondeur, des *expressions* adroitement *exagerées* pour de la *force*, un certain *ton* de *confiance* et de *franchise* pour l'accent naturel de la *bonhomie* et de la *loyauté*."

'MEISTER, Etudes sur l'Homme.'

† 'Tous les discours sont *superflus*;
'est à qui, par *intemperance*,

'Should the enemy succeed as effectually in shutting out our manufactures as he has our political intelligence, it cannot be doubted that in the course of years, it would operate very considerably to our prejudice.—With all the details of our brilliant victories at least, they should be minutely informed: a circumstance which would enliven and support their respect and admiration of the English name; and while that respect remains, no efforts of Buonaparte will ever succeed in completely precluding the entry and use of our manufactures. It is only by destroying, or preventing the progress of knowledge, that he can ever hope finally to prevail in such a project, and which we fortunately possess ample means to counteract.

'A more general diffusion of the English literature and language on the continent, is unquestionably the most sure and effectual means of preserving our influence on the public mind; and it is with infinite pleasure I remark that it daily becomes more and more general, and that it only wants the attention and patronage of those invested with authority* to render it in a year or two more popular than ever the French has been. To your Lordship, whose taste and knowledge of human nature are so exquisite, this truth will be equally agreeable and interesting.

'Indeed, when I reflect, my Lord, on the present universality of our language, on its diffusion over all the North, and now over part of South America, in Africa, the West Indies, and the vast and populous country of Hindostan, I cannot but smile at Buonaparte's question to Chaptal—*ne peut-on l'anéantir?* That the *language* of *sincerity*, like a government actuated by just principles, will finally prevail over the *language* of *knaves* and the dominion of tyrants, cannot, I think, be doubted by those acquainted with the history of their species. The triumphs of injustice, however splendid, can never be but transitory: virtue is only permanent.—Empires may be erected and dynasties established, but their durability cannot be determined by any human art; and Buonaparte's empire, like Alexander's, will crumble to pieces under its own weight. The incompatibility of the new divisions of the different countries, while they facilitated the destruction of the old government, will also operate the downfall of the new, and France again perhaps resume her primitive state of dutchies†. Till that period, whether governed by emperors, kings or republicans, there never will be a permanent and general peace in Europe.

Vivra le moins, boira le plus;
On ne voit plus qu' *excès* en France.' REGNIER.'

* 'Is it not a species of *treason* against our language, to use the French instead of it in our negociations? A most laudable attempt has recently been made to restore the Latin; a measure pregnant with the most important consequences to the interest of the country, as the French have uniformly *swindled* us by means of *treacherous* language in their treaties.'

† The inhabitants of Bretagne have always evinced a partiality to the English, as have those of Guyenne; and even at the present day, if you ask a native of Languedoc if he be a Frenchman, his reply will be, I am a Languedocian—*je suis Languedocien.*'

It is the national character of the French ; as masters or rivals, their vanity is insupportable ; as dependants or inferiors, they are attentive and accommodating: they were born to obey, not to command.'

MEDICINE.

ART. 21.—*The Naval, Military, and Private Practitioners Amanuensis, Medicus et Chirurgicus ; or a practical Treatise on Fevers, and all those Diseases which most frequently occur in Practice, and the Mode of Cure. Likewise on Amputation, Gun-shot Wounds, Trismus, Scalds, &c. With new and successful Methods of treating Mortification, of amputating and of curing Femoral Fractures. By R. Cuming, M. D. R. N.* 8vo. Matthews. 1806.

THE ample title-page of this work sufficiently points out its object; and indeed its author seems to flatter himself that it may entirely supersede the labours of his predecessors in the same field. We see no grounds for this confidence, and hope that our army and navy surgeons will not neglect the labours of Pringle, Lind, Blane, and Hunter, nor suppose that all that is valuable in professional knowledge can be contained in the limits of a scanty octavo volume. We are not inclined to depreciate the labours of Dr. Cuming ; but we are of opinion that his work is better adapted to those who are already well grounded in the rudiments of medicine and surgery, than for the instruction of tyros. At the same time we give credit to the author for considerable strength of mind and soundness of judgment. We are obliged to add, that in point of composition, we have rarely met with a modern work that betrays such marks of ignorance or inattention.

ART. 22—*Anatomical Examinations. A complete Series of Anatomical Questions, with Answers. The Answers arranged so as to form an elementary System of Anatomy, and intended as preparatory to Examinations at Surgeon's-Hall. To which are annexed Tables of the Bones, Muscles, and Arteries. 2 Vols.* 12mo. Highley. 1807.

THE first of these volumes contains a complete set of questions in anatomy ; the second a series of answers arranged exactly in the same manner, and with the same numerical characters attached both to the question and the answer. We do not think this arrangement very happy. A proper set of questions may be very useful to learners in many sciences. For example, in arithmetic or in geometry the teacher may very properly put a set of questions only into the hand of his pupil, retaining the solutions in his own. But in anatomy, the whole information being contained in the answer, the question is wholly useless and superfluous. Let us take at a venture the following example.

'Qu. What is the origin, insertion, and use of the glutæus maximus.

'Ans. The glutæus maximus arises from the posterior part of the crista ilii, from the side of the sacrum, below its junction with the ilium, from the posterior sacro ischiatic ligament, and from the os coccygis. It passes over the posterior part of the trochanter major; and is connected to the fascia of the thigh. It is inserted into the upper and outer part of the linea aspera. Its use is to extend the thigh.'

Now we would ask what does the student gain by this question, and of what possible use can a volume of such questions be to him? We see none, whilst it is exposed to the serious inconvenience of doubling the price of the work. The same objection apply to the form of dialogue; which certainly ought to be confined to subjects admitting of contrariety of sentiment, and which may therefore be agreeably diversified by putting opposite opinions, or different illustrations, into the mouths of different speakers. Such are our objections to the form of this work. To the execution we have none at all.

ART. 23. *Oratio in Theatro Collegii Regalis Medicorum Londinensis, ex Harveii Instituto, habita; die Octob. xviii. An M.DCCC. A Christ. Rob. Pemberton, M.D. Principi Walliæ Medico Extraordinario, Coll. Reg. Med. Lond. et Reg. Soc. Socio.* 4to. Nichols. 1807.

WE cannot find any thing in this oration that greatly distinguishes it from those annually delivered at the festival of the college of physicians, nor do we understand why the author or the learned body before whom it was delivered should have wished for its publication. The writer has taken occasion to avow his hostility to the projected reform which has been lately much agitated among medical men, and perhaps it is intended by implication to give the profession to understand that the sentiments of the college are in unison with his own. On this topic he is very warm: 'Imo,' he says, 'eo processit hæcce rerum novarum cupiditas, ut consulerent de petitione Senatui inferendâ, ad inceptum suum lege sanciendum. In tali causâ ubi is vestrum invenitur, qui non ad arma currat? Quis non clamet 'Stet fortuna domus,' clamandoque pro salute nostræ reipublicæ propugnet? Anne antiquam illam majorum domum, que talem heroum progeniem quasi in gremio aluit, dirui tandem et collabi patiemur? Uno animo statuimus, pugnandum esse pro hac nostra patria, asserenda quæcunque sunt jura, vindicanda privilegia, tenendosque mores a patribus receptos.' We have not been inattentive to the proceeding of the reforming association; but we cannot say that we have seen any thing in their conduct to justify so much vehemence of language and so much asperity of hostility. The necessity of some regulations in the practice of medicine is allowed on all hands. The only contest then seems to be with regard to measures proper to be taken, and persons from whom they should originate. We hope for the sake of the public, that if any thing is done, it will not be wholly under

the influence of either of the contending parties. We know enough of human nature to be persuaded, that no men are to be trusted in matters which concern their own interests, their own vanity or their own importance. If the sages of Warwick Lane be animated with the same spirit as their orator, we cannot hesitate to pronounce that they are acting the part of assailants rather than of defenders.

POETRY.

ART. 24.—*Admonition, a Poem on the Fashionable Modes of Female Dress; with Miscellaneous Pieces; in Verse. By George Ogg.* Miller. 5s. 1806.

THE preface to this book contains an apology for its want of merit, at once so hackneyed and so insufficient, that we should be strangely wanting in our duty, were we to suffer it to operate in any degree to the relaxation of our judicial severity. We know indeed of no argument more likely to warrant, in the eyes of the public, our condemnation of an author's work, than the informing them, from his own voluntary assertion, that he had been entirely destitute of the advantages of education. The exceptions of Chatterton, Burns, and a few others, are only sufficiently numerous to prove the validity of the general rule.

But Mr. Ogg assails the feelings of the critic in a more tender point. 'I would not, certainly,' says he, 'have thought of appearing before the public as an author, if the loss of my right arm at sea, had not unfitted me for other avocations.' We cannot help wishing however that he had proceeded to prove, which no doubt he could have done according to the strictest rules of logic, that the above misfortune rendered him so peculiarly fit for the avocation of a poet. He would have greatly obliged us by demonstrating the connection between the tourniquet and the muses, and by shewing that a man becomes a better poet in proportion as he loses his limbs.

It might have been reasonable however to expect to find some of the *disjecti membra poetæ* at least scattered through the present volume. But the specimen we are about to offer, is, to say the least of it, on a par with any other equal number of lines in the book. Mr. Ogg is so greatly scandalized at the fashionable nudity of our modern ladies, that in his zeal for the reformation of mankind, indignation supplies him with the verses which nature denies. Accordingly, in a poem consisting of nearly five hundred bad lines, and no good ones, he points out to the fair sex the evil consequences that may arise to them from the prevailing modes of dress. He illustrates his position by more than one example, among others by that of Alexis and Anna, who go together to enjoy an evening's amusement at Vauxhall. The lady was dressed in a manner more consonant with fashion than modesty. In the course of the evening her husband having occasion to quit her side for a short time, said to her,

'Sit there, my love, while I
To find my friend amid this concourse try.'

A gentleman however shortly supplied his place, whose affection seems to have been considerably more fervent, though not expressed in more poetic language.

'Fairest of earth's fair daughters, this I swear,
My eyes have ne'er beheld one half so fair;
By heaven! the lightnings of that piercing eye,
Transcend the lightnings of the lurid sky;
Oh, what a mouth!—I swear, to feel thy breath,
Well pleas'd I'd hear thy lips pronounce my death:
Die! Oh, by this sweet swelling bosom's charms,
I'd wish to die a thousand times—within thy arms.'
He said, and with a rash, unhallow'd haste,
The beauteous bosom of the fair one press'd.
Angry she rose, but still the youth pursu'd,
And thus again his hateful speech renew'd:

'Nay, frown not so, nor think that crime in me,
Which all commit who only look on thee;
'Twould be apostacy to Nature's will,
To gaze on thee, and not admire her skill.
I love—'

At this moment the husband returns, and puts a stop to the courtship. A duel ensues, which terminates in the death of the combatants, and the subsequent insanity of the lady. The dying Alexis bequeaths with his last breath, the following admonition, with which the poem closes.

'Oh learn, from mine and luckless Anna's fate,
To shun the woes that passion can create,
Avoid those habits, born of Vice and Sin,
Tho' titled beauty strive to lure you in:
One passion cherish'd calls another forth,
And that another, more devoid of worth,
Till what began for want of virtuous care,
Ends in Misfortune, Mis'ry, and Despair.'

A considerable number of smaller pieces and a list of subscribers complete the volume.

MISCELLANIES.

ART. 25.—*The new Boethius, or of the Consolation of Christianity.* 8vo. Mawman. 1806.

THE work before us, which is written (as appears by the dedication) by a Mr. Shepherd, is intended to form a sort of supplement to the quaint, but certainly in many respects justly admired, treatise of Boethius on the Consolation of Philosophy. That author, as it is supposed, had meditated a sixth book, which was to sum up his argument in the consolations afforded by the Christian religion, without which indeed all the comforts of philosophy reach no farther than the old proverb, 'what cannot be cured, must be endured.' But before he could complete his project, the axe of the executioner interposed. He was beheaded in prison, says our author, in the year 525.

Agreeably to the manner of his prototype, Mr. S. carries on his argument by the assistance of ideal personages. Under the pressure of extreme sorrow, he supposes himself to be counselled successively by Plain Sense, Stoical Philosophy, Epicurean Philosophy, and Atheism. At last Religion appears:

'While absorbed in this train of thought, a tall majestic person presented herself to me. She appeared of more than mortal mien; and as she approached me in slow and solemn step,

"*Incessu patuit Dea.*"

'A snow-white veil she wore, which half concealed her modest charms: complacency smiled in her countenance, and contemplation raised her eye, as soaring above all sublunary objects, in holy reverence to heaven. She held in her hand a scroll, on which was written, The Book of Truth.'

In a series of conferences she lays before him the evidences of the truth of Christianity, the superiority and simplicity of its main doctrines, and the resources of comfort under adversity which it offers. And here perhaps the elevation of style which forms a part of the writer's plan but ill accords with the sobriety of argumentation. Yet it must be said that he goes over the usual ground with sufficient precision, and enlivens the dryness of argument with occasional bursts of poetry in imitation of his model. These scraps of verse are not indeed very highly finished, and in some places rather incoherent. Yet they possess considerable merit from strength and fluency of expression, and show that the writer possesses respectable talents in this way. A few lines which occur in p. 199, though the ideas which they present are not very new, yet pleased us as neat and strong.

'But he is great, who shapes his way
Through sleepless nights, and toils by day;
Not for the tinkling of a name,
The bubble, which the world calls fame;

Not, with high-crested pride elate,
Struggling for the chair of state;
Nor bags on bags of glittering ore
Heaping, and sighing still for more.

He is great, whose purer aim
Blazons his 'scutcheon with a claim
To greatness better understood,
The godlike dignity of doing good.'

It seems unnecessary to say more of the present volume. Blemishes may without doubt be found. Some instances of needless turgidity of expression may be pointed out; as in the word *obnubilated* (p. 88.), a term which only serves to *overcloud* a plain idea. But upon the whole we do not hesitate to recommend the work to our readers as a pleasing specimen of religious speculation enlivened by its allegorical form, and occasionally embellished with the flowers of poetry.

ART. 26.—*The Pantheon; or ancient History of the Gods of Greece and Rome. Intended to facilitate the Understanding of the Classical Authors, and of the Poets in general, for the Use of Schools and young Persons of both Sexes. By Edward Baldwin, Esq. With Engravings of the principal Gods, chiefly taken from the Remains of antient Statuary.* 12mo. 6s. Hodgkins. 1806.

'THE chief object of the present volume,' says the writer in a dedication to the learned master of the charter-house school, 'is to remedy the imperfections of Tooke's Pantheon.' We much doubt the success of Mr. Baldwin in this undertaking. The principal defect in Tooke is the very indelicate language in which he describes the amours of the heathen deities: his principal merit is, that he comprises much in a small compass, and that he always refers his reader to the classics for the authority of his assertions. Of the charge of indelicacy we certainly acquit Mr. Baldwin; but can by no means consider this as an adequate compensation for the omission of references. Lempriere's Classical Dictionary however is so much superior to either of these works, that we think in a short time both Mr. Baldwin and Tooke will be superseded by that useful publication.

ART. 27.—*An Introduction to Merchant's Accounts, in which the Invention of applying and opposing the Terms Dr. and Cr. according to the Italian Method of Book-keeping, is explained, by which the Art is demonstrated, made perfectly easy, and reduced under four plain Cases or Rules, which are applicable and infallible in every Occurrence or Example of Domestic and Foreign Trade. Part the First. Intended for the Use of Schools, and Persons who would acquire a Knowledge of this Branch of Science, without the Assistance of a Teacher. By J. Sedger.* 12mo. 2s. Law. 1806.

WE think this an ingenious piece of theory, better calculated for schools than any treatise on the same subject, which has come under our cognizance. A publication, of which this is an improvement, was noticed in the Critical Rev. in the year 1781, with considerable approbation. Mr. Sedger has promised a second part, with subsidiary books; and should he succeed as well as in the present performance, we do not doubt but he will meet with encouragement adequate to his most sanguine expectations.

ART. 28.—*A faithful Account of an important Trial in the Court of Conscience, by J. Jamieson, D.D.F.R. and A.S.S. Edin.* 12mo. Williams *and* Smith. 1806.

THIS work, which is in the style of the Pilgrim's Progress, possesses considerable merit; and to the admirers of Bunyan will afford no small gratification. The same peculiarity of names as disfigure the original, deforms also the copy. The culprit's name

who is brought into the court of conscience, is a gentleman called 'Peccator,' and his jury consist of the following personages. 'Mr. *Self-commune* of Heart Street, Mr. *Try-all* of Leaven-Lane, Mr. *Weighwell* of Balance Place, Mr. *Long-silent* of Peace-Row, Mr. *New-awake* of Storm-Hill, Mr. *Sense of guilt* of Menace Court, Mr. *Recollection* of Old Street, Mr. *Micaiah* of Ahab Square, Mr. *Sharp-arrow* of Law Place, Mr. *Fear-death* of Golgotha, Mr. *Flee-from-wrath* of Jordan vale, and *Mr. Judgment-to-come* of All-souls-town.'

ART. 29.—*Letters on Natural History, exhibiting a View of the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of the Deity, so eminently displayed in the Formation of the Universe, and various Relations of Utility which inferior Beings have to the Human Species; calculated particularly for the Use of Schools and Young Persons in general of both Sexes; in order to impress their Minds with a just Idea of its great Author. Illustrated by upwards of one Hundred engraved Subjects applicable to the Work. By John Bigland, Author of Letters on Universal History, &c.* 8vo. 9s. Longman. 1806.

THE contemplation of the works of nature never fails to exhibit such evident proofs of the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Deity, that the utility of introducing natural history into the system of education can scarcely be called in question. The best mode of communicating instruction is to render it entertaining: and from this persuasion the author has declined adopting the system of Linnæus, as too complex and artificial for common readers or young students, whose circumstances, occupations, and future prospects do not permit them to make the study of natural history the business of their lives. We shall lay before our readers the manner in which Mr. B. has treated the subject: in the first place a view is given of the grandeur of the universe, and of the structure of the solar motion. Some of the most striking objects which this globe presents, as seas, mountains, volcanoes, &c. are next brought forward: the attention of the reader is then called to the winds, tides, exhalations, and other remarkable phenomena of the earth and atmosphere; and afterwards to the principal metals, minerals and other subterraneous productions. All these being described in a manner equally plain and concise, a sketch is given of the beauties and utility of vegetation, and a general view of the inanimate creation being thus exhibited, the transition is made to animated nature, which, as it is to youth the most entertaining branch of natural history, occupies the greater part of the work. The most striking and interesting objects of the animal kingdom are delineated; the creatures which are peculiarly curious in their formation or habits, and especially those which are most formidable or most beneficial to man, are particularly selected and described. Those of general utility or the greatest commercial importance, and those which frequently occur in conversation, or reading, in the relations of travellers, and in the sacred or classical writings, are considered as the most interesting subjects of investigation. These different subjects are treated with brevity

and not unfrequently with elegance, and are all rendered subservient to morality and religion. The engravings are executed with considerable neatness.

ART. 30.—*A Father's Memoirs of his Child; by Benjamin Heath Malkine, Esq. M.A.F.A.S.* 8vo. 10s. 6d. Longman. 1806.

THIS book, which would be interesting to the private circle of the author's friends, to the public is trifling and devoid of entertainment. The hero of the tale died at the age of seven years; but in the interval between that period and his birth, we are told he made great progress in history, geography, drawing and other accomplishments. Specimens of his performances are here exhibited, which certainly display his premature talents in an uncommon point of view. The injudiciousness however of printing infantile exercises is obvious; but as we are unwilling to hurt a father's feelings, acute as they still must be for the loss of so amiable and extraordinary a child, we shall dismiss the volume, merely expressing a wish that we had never seen it.

ART. 31.—*On the Improvement of Poor Soils; read in the Holderness Agricultural Society, in Answer to the following Question: 'What is the best Method of cultivating and improving poor Soils, where Lime and Manure cannot be had?' With an Appendix and Notes. 2d Edition. By John Alderson, M.D. pp.* 32. 8vo. 2s. Harding. 1807.

DR. ALDERSON may pursue analogies, compare the respective laws of the animal and vegetable economy, 'transmute inert matter into life,' trace the 'decompositions and absorptions' of earth till it becomes vegetable matter, 'convert this vegetable into animal matter,' and purify it 'by the delicate organs of the human body, until it reaches the utmost perfection of created intelligence,' yet still be far from producing a *practical* account of the 'best method of cultivating and improving poor soils.' It would seem as if many of our modern agricultural writers were better acquainted with the poetical imagery of Darwin, than with 'the care-worn labours of the husbandman.' The author has however copied some useful remarks from Kirwan, whose small tract on manures has given existence nearly to as many books on agriculture in France and England, during the last seven years, as the works of Aristotle did on the revival of learning. Kirwan's soil, composed of clay, chalk and flint, Dr. A. proposes to render fertile by the cultivation of thistles and other succulent plants; and in the true spirit of a Brunonian, expects by his 'diffusible stimuli' to render 'the poorest soils productive!' When we read one of our author's postulates, in which he considers the planting of osiers, hedges, and trees as essential to the amelioration of the soil, we could not help pitying poor Mr. Williams, who will thence anticipate such an alteration in the atmosphere as must be fatal either to him, or to his system of the 'Climate of Great Britain,' (Crit. Rev. Jan. 1807.) Dr. A. is wrong

indeed when he considers the 'calx of iron as a source of barrenness in soils.' Experiments have proved that sulphate of iron is one of the best manures, and there is no reason to suppose that carbonate of iron, which is the substance he alludes to, is in any degree different. On the contrary, its very existence in alders, willows, and mosses, all plants of rapid growth, is an unequivocal proof of its not being inimical to vegetation. Upon the whole, these flimsy common-place remarks cannot be considered as a very important and satisfactory answer to the question proposed.

ART. 32.—*Observations respecting the Grub, a Paper read to the Holderness Agricultural Society, by Wm. Stickney of Ridgemont, in Holderness, and published by the Society. 2d Edition. pp. 22. 1s. 6d.* Harding. 1806.

IT is not difficult to perceive that Mr. Stickney is neither a Fabricius nor a Latreille, and although he has caught some grubs and kept them in pots till they changed to aurelia and finally to flies, and afterwards preserved flies, eggs, grubs, and aurelias, he has not answered his own questions relative to the species, the extent of the depredations, and the means of destroying these insects. All that the author has done is to prove that the common quantity of lime applied as manure is not sufficient to destroy them, and even in this second edition no other remedy is proposed than that of encouraging the breed of rooks! We are told that the insect belongs to the family of tipulæ, that the fly is vulgarly called *Tom Taylor* or *Long-legs*, and that the grub is most destructive to crops which succeed grass or clover, or which are in the immediate vicinity of meadow or pasture ground. But this sapient society should have recollected, that however they might know these insects when they saw them on their table, if they really wished this paper to be of any use to others, they should at least have added some description of the species and generic character, in order that naturalists beyond the precincts of Holderness might have been able to discover the particular species of tipula here alluded to. This is the more necessary, as every species of tipula has in general its peculiar plant for food, as the *tipula pomonæ*, T. *hortulana*, T. *persicariæ*, &c.

ART. 33.—*La Floresta Espanola, ó piezas escogidas. i. e.*

The Flowers of Spanish Literature, or select Passages in Prose, extracted from the most celebrated Spanish Authors, ancient and modern. To which are prefixed, Observations on the Origin, Progress, and Decline of Literature in Spain. pp. 200, 12mo. 5s. Boosey. 1807.

THIS author's historical sketch of the origin of the Castilian tongue is far from being accurate; Mavans's work would have assisted him! Aldrete, he appears either not to have read, or not properly understood. The authors he recommends are very proper, but he might also have mentioned some living ones, such as Moretini, Jovellanes,

Guerra, Sompre, &c. The best grammar and dictionaries are those of Fernandez and Neuman, or Connelly, and Higgins; the greater part of the others are a disgrace to literature. Upon the whole, this collection, which is chiefly composed of miscellaneous, moral, humorous, and historical pieces, is very well adapted to exercise the student in some of the more difficult phrases in the Spanish tongue; and to persons of matured judgment, the speediest and most effectual method of acquiring a profound knowledge of the idiom, is unquestionably to begin with the most difficult sentences. In this respect the present 'Floresta' will be found singularly useful in facilitating the acquirement of a language which, to be generally admired, requires only to be generally known.

ART. 34.—*A complete Dictionary of Practical Gardening; comprehending all the Modern Improvements in the Art; whether in the raising of the various esculent Vegetables, or in the forcing and managing of different Sorts of Fruits and Plants, and that of laying out, ornamenting, and planting Gardens and Pleasure Grounds: with correct Engravings of the necessary Apparatus, in Buildings and other Contrivances, as well as of the more rare and curious Plants, cultivated for Ornament or Variety: from original Drawings, by Sydenham Edwards. By Alexander M'Donald, Gardener.* 2 *vols.* 4*to.* 74 *Plates.* 3*l.* 10*s. boards.* Kearsley. 1807.

A MORE scandalous imposition was never before practised on the public. This voluminous work contains the names of about 600 genera and 1500 English names of plants; the descriptions are vulgar, and imperfectly copied from other works. This is what Mr. Alexander M'Donald is pleased to call 'a complete Dictionary of practical Gardening.' There are 60 plates of flowers such as are usually sold in the streets for a halfpenny each, containing 209 plants, called by the author the 'more rare plants,' but among which the crocus and sweet william, and the various lilies occupy a conspicuous place. The plates relative to hot houses are copied from the first edition of Nichol's book, without any attention being paid to his subsequent alterations and improvements.

ART. 35—*An extraordinary Case in Chancery, fairly related, with a Sketch of some uncommon Transactions in the Office of one of the Masters, Sir William Weller Pepys, Bart. In a Narrative addressed to the British Public. By Anne Mary Crowe.* 8*vo.* Hatchard. 1806.

AS we lately saw in the papers that Mrs. Crowe, with her husband, and Mr. Delahoy of Deptford, the printer of this pamphlet, have lately been imprisoned by order of the Chancellor for a libel on the court, we shall make no other remark on '*this extraordinary case*,' than merely saying, that Anne Mary Crowe, like many others of her sex, does not seem to have made any great proficiency in the *Pythagorean* excellence of taciturnity.